

Ralph THE *Grey* 3
15485, 5, 3
EMPERESS
OF
MOROCCO
A
TRAGEDY.

Ralph Grey

As it is Acted at the KING's Theatre.

Written by ELKANAH SETTLE, *Gent.*

Primos da versibus annos, Petr. Arb.

L O N D O N,

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sellers of London and Westminster. 1687.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY,

EARL of Norwich, and EARL-MARSHAL
of ENGLAND, &c.

My LORD,

THE Impudence of Scriblers in this Age, has so corrupted the Original Design of Dedications, that before I dare tell You this Trifle begs your Lordship's Protection, I ought first to examine on what Grounds I make the Attack; for now every Thing that ere saw the Stage, how modest soever it has been there, without daring to shew its Face above Three Days, has yet the Arrogance to thrust it self into the World in Print, with a Great Name before it: Where the fawning Scribler shall compendiously say, The Factions of Critiques, the ill Time of the Year, and the worse Acting of the Players, has prejudiced his Play; but he doubts not, but his Grace, or his Honour's more impartial Judgment will find That pardonable, which the World has so Maliciously Censur'd; that is as much as to say: Sir, You are the only Person at Court, whose blind side I dare venture on; not doubting, but your good Nature will excuse what all the World (except the Author) has justly condemned. Thus a Dedication, which was formerly a Present to a Person of Quality, is now made a Libel on him; whilst the Poet either supposes his Patron to be so great a Sat to defend that in Print, which he hift off the Stage; or else makes him Self a greater, in asking a Favour from him, which he ne're expects to obtain. However, that which is an Abuse to the Patron, is

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

a Complement to the Bookseller, who whispers the Poet, and tells him; Sir, Your Play had Misfortune, and all that--- But if you'd but write a Dedication, or Preface,--- The Poet takes the hint, picks out a Person of Honour, tells him, He has a great deal of Wit, gives us an account who writ Sense in the last Age, supposing we cannot be Ignorant who writes it in This; Disputes the nature of Verse, Answers a Cavalier two, Quibbles upon the Court, Huffs the Critiques, and the Work's done. 'Tis not to be imagin'd, how far a Sheet of this goes, to make a Bookseller Rich, and a Poet Famous.

But, my Lord, whilst I trouble You with this kind of Discourse, I beg You would not think I design to give Rules to the Press, as some of our Tribe have done to the Stage; or that I find fault with their Dedications, in Complement to my own: No, that's a Trick I do not pretend to. Besides, your particular Favours, in the publick Honours You have condescended to give this Play, and the Author, have heightned my Sense of Gratitude beyond my Power of expressing it. This Play, which for no other Merit, durst take Sanctuary here, throws it self at your Feet, as your Own: The Story of which, I owe to your Hands, and your honourable Embassy into Affrica: And on that score I present it to your Patronage, as the Jewes made their Sacrifices, which we read, took Fire from Heaven; the Incense was lighted by that Divinity, to whom it was offer'd. Nor is this all I may modestly boast of: for besides its noble Birth, You gave it a noble Education, when You bred it up amongst Princes, presented it in a Court-Theatre, and by Persons of such Birth and Honour, that they borrowed no Greatness from the Characters they acted. Thus has your Lordship shewed your Self so great a Friend to the Muses, that as in former Ages the Poet made the Patron; when all that's left of a Mæcenas, is, That Horace gave him a Name: your Influence, on the contrary, makes the Poet. And if this Play Live, or have Success enough to preserve a Name, 'tis by being your Creature, and enjoying your Smiles: Which is the highest Ambition of,

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obliged, and
most Obedient Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

The First Prologue at Court, *Spoken by the Lady* ELIZABETH HOWARD.

[Written by the Lord MULGRAVE.]

I With you only did expect to Day,
A common *Prologue* to some usual *Play*;
For when Young Ladies are to speak to **KINGS**,
You look that They should say no *Vulgar Things*.

'Tis below **Us** what meaner Actors do;
Either t'excuse our Selves, or rail at You.
Nor come You Here, as to the Common Pit,
With the least Hope of finding fault with Wit.
Love's gentler Thoughts possess the Men of Sense;
At least it shall be so, ere they go hence.
Gallants, take warning then: 'Tis time to fear,
When Youth and Beauty on the Stage appear.
Those Charms elsewhere are pretty dangerous found;
But Here we shoot upon a Rising Ground.
No Heart can 'scape We have a mind to hit,
Unless 'tis guarded by some Eyes i'th' Pit.
To Hearts engag'd our Power does not extend:
And therefore, *Sir*, to You we humbly bend. [To the King.]
Yet from Your Constancy we need not fear;
To all fair Nymphs You keep an open Ear.
No watching Eyes, those soft aluring Wiles,
Can hinder You from giving Gracious Smiles.
Now for the Men: Their Praise should next be shown;
But That, I think, were better let alone.

The Second Prologue at Court, *Spoken by the Lady* ELIZABETH HOWARD.

[Written by the Lord ROCHESTER.]

WIT has, of late, took up a Trick t'appear
Unmannerly; or, at the best, severe.
And Poets share the Fate by which We fall;
When kindly We attempt to please You all.

'Tis hard, your Scorn should against such prevail,
 Whose Ends are to divert You, tho' They fail.
 You Men would think it an ill-natur'd Jest,
 Should We laugh at you when you did your best.
 Then rail not Here, tho' you see Reason for't.
 If Wit can find it self no better Sport,
 Wit is a very foolish Thing at Court.
 Wit's Bus'nels is to please, and not to fright;
 'Tis no Wit to be always in the Right:
 You'll find it none, who dare be so to Night.
 Few so ill-bred, will venture to a Play,
 To 'spy out Faults in what we Women say.
 For Us no matter what We speak; but how,
 How kindly can We say, ----- *I hate you now?*
 And for the Men; If you'll laugh at 'em, do;
 They mind Themselves so much, they'll ne're mind You.-----
 But why do I descend to lose a Prayer
 On those small Saints in Wit? The God sits There.
 To You (*Great Sir!*) my Message hither tends, [*To the King.*]
 From Youth and Beauty your Allies and Friends.
 See my Credentials writtten in my Face;
 They challenge your Protection in this Place:
 And hither come with such a Force of Charms,
 As may give Check even to your Prosp'rous Arms.
 Millions of *Cupids* hovering in the Rear,
 Like *Eagles*, following fatal Troops, appear,
 All waiting for the Slaughter, which draws nigh,
 Of those bold Gazers, who this Night must dye.
 Nor can You 'scape our soft Captivity,
 From which old Age alone must set You free.
 Then tremble at the Fatal Consequence,-----
 Since, 'tis well known, for your Own Part, (*Great Prince!*) }
 'Gainst us still You have made a weak Defence.-----
 Be Generous, and Wise, and take our Part:
 Remember We have Eyes, and You an Heart.
 Else You may find, too late, that We are Things
 Born to kill Vassals, and to conquer Kings.
 But, Oh! To what vain Conquest I pretend,
 Whilst *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend.
 Our Victory your Empire more assures;
 For *Love* will ever make the Triumph Yours.

PROLOGUE

At the PLAY-HOUSE.

FOR this Day's Treatment you have paid too dear.
Your best belov'd Diversion is not here :
All you're now like to have, is a dull Play ;
The Wells have stoln the Vizar Masks away.

Now Punk in penitential Drink, begins
To purge the Surfeit of her London Sins.
Their Loves have been o're-stockt, and but made stop
For a new Tillage tow'nds another Crop.
'Tis seasonable sometimes to forbear :
Alas, it is not Harvest all the Year,
Though heated they, like tatter'd Ships, keep in,
They stay but to Refit, then Launch again.
Be honest then one Day, and patient sit,
With neither bawdy in the Play, nor Pit.
And though thus far you to your Loss are come,
What's yet still worse, you must drive Empty home.
Nor when Play's done, need the shame-fac'd Debauch
Change the Guilt Chariot for the Hackney Coach.
Then since our sober Audience denies
You furious Men of Prey all hopes of Prize :
To see the Play should be your only Ends ;
We'll then presume, you are the Author's Friends.
And tho' you miss your dear Delights, you may
Be to the Poet kind, and Clap the Play :
Your Hands are now employ'd no other Way.

The Actors Names.

Muly Labas, Son to the Emperour
of *Morocco*. } Mr. *Harris*.

Muly Hamet, a Prince of the Royal
Blood, Contracted to *Marianne*,
and General of the Emperour's
Forces. } Mr. *Smith*.

Criminalbaz, a Courtier, and Gallant
to the *Queen Mother*. } Mr. *Batterton*.

Hametalbaz, his Confident and Crea-
ture, Governour of a Castle in
Morocco. } Mr. *Medbourne*.

Abdelcador, Friend to *Muly Hamet*. Mr. *Crosby*.

Achmat, an Eunuch.

Laula, Empress of *Morocco*, and Mo-
ther to *Muly Labas*, and to *Ma-*
rienne. } Mrs. *Batterton*.

Marianne, her Daughter. Mrs. *Mary Lee*.

Morena, Daughter to *Taffalet*. Mrs. *Johnson*.

Villains, Lords, Messengers, Priests, Masquers, and other
Attendants.

THE

THE EMPERESS OF MOROCCO.

The First Act, Scene the First.

*Scene opens, Muly Labas appears bound in Chains,
attended by Guards.*

Muly L. **C**ondemn'd to Fetters, tho' to Scepters born!
'Tis in this Garb unhappy Princes mourn.
Yet Fortune to great Courages is kind;
'Tis he wants Liberty whose Soul's confin'd.

My Thoughts out-fly that mighty Conqueror,
Who having vanquish'd one World, wept for more:
Fetter'd in Empires, he enlargement crav'd
To the short walk of one poor Globe enslav'd.
My Soul mounts higher, and Fates Pow'r disdains,
And makes me Reign a Monarch in my Chains.
But 'tis my Father has decreed my Fate;
Yet still he shews his Greatness in his Hate.
Thy Rage, brave Prince, mean Subjects does despise;
None but thy Son shall be thy Sacrifice.

Enter Morena bound.

This dazzling Object my weak sight invades:
Such Beauty would make Dungeons lose their shades.

Moren. Remember, Sir, when first you were a Guest
To *Taffaletta's* Court, and to my Breast,
That I, fond Woman, in a borrow'd shape,
Was a Conspirator in my own Rape,
When in a fatal Night, whose darkness did
Both our Escapes, and my faint Blushes, hide:

B

With

The Empress of Morocco.

With You I fled my Country, left a Crown,
Heir only now t'an unkind Father's Frown;
And now for Refuge to *Morocco* come,
We in your Fathers Court receive this doom:

[points to her Chains]

Our Love from him this Entertainment gains;
We in our Sanctuary meet our Chains:
Our Fathers too have now proclaim'd a War;
By *Taffaletta's* Arms we are pursu'd:
Our amorous flights like threatening Comers are,
Which thus draw after them a train of Blood.

Muly L. Why do you thus a sad Relation make
Of all that you have suffer'd for my sake,
Unless you my Unworthiness resent,
And of your misplaced kindnessees repent?

Moren. No, I recount the Scenes of our past storms;
To arm your Fancy for more pleasing forms;
I come to tell you that your Father's kind,
And has our mutual Happiness design'd.
Of our past Woes I've this relation giv'n,
As Purgatory does make way for Heav'n.

Muly L. This does disperse my Fears, checks my Despair:
And has my Father ----- Shall we then ---- and are
Our Loves and Hopes ---- Oh my unruly Joy,
Which does my Thoughts so in their Birth destroy,
That my disorder'd words no form can bear!
Speak then what You would say; and I will hear.

Moren. He has pronounc'd such great and glorious things;
As are fit only for the Breath of Kings:
Our happy Passion he so far approves,
That e're three days expire he'll crown our Loves!
Know then, to grant our Souls a stricter Tye,
He has decreed ----- We shall together Dye.

Muly L. How are my visionary Dreams retir'd,
And my fond hopes in the Embrace expir'd?

Moren. That day my Father *Taffaletta's* Arms
To this proud City give their first Alarms,
His Standard fixt before *Morocco's* walls,

Muly Labas and his *Morena* falls.

The Empress of Morocco.

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He for my Murder does this reason plead,
That he'll present my Father with my Head.
That sudden Blow, which he designs for you;
'Tis your suspected Treason prompts him to:
And the same Jealousie that made his Breath
Decree your Chains, makes him pronounce your Death.

Muly L. I freely at his feet my Life will throw;
Life is a debt we to our Parents owe.
But dye suspected! Can he think so foul
A Thought as Treason harbours in his Soul;
Which does *Morena's* sacred Image bear!
No shape of ill can come within her Sphear.
But must *Morena* fall? when e're she bleeds;
He no severer a Damnation needs,
That dares pronounce the Sentence of her Death;
Than the Infection that attends that Breath.

Moren. Hold, Sir, and your unmanly fears remove;
And shew your Courage equal to your Love:
Let us to Death in solemn Triumph go,
Asto the nobler Nuptials of the two:
For when we're dead, and our freed Souls enlarg'd,
Of Natures grosser burdens we're discharg'd:
Then gentle as a happy Lovers Sigh,
Like wandring Meteors, through the Air we'll fly;
And in our airy Walk, as subtil Guests,
We'll steal into our cruel Father's Breasts;
There read their Souls, and track each Passions sphear!
See how Revenge moves there, Ambition here!
And in their Orbs view the dark Characters
Of Sieges, Ruins, Murders, Blood and Wars.
We'll blot out all those hideous Droughts, and write
Pure and white forms; we'll with a Radiant light
Their Breasts incircle, till their Passions be
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy;
Till soften'd by our Charms, their Furies cease,
And their Revenge dissolves into a Peace.
Thus by our Death appeas'd, their Quarrel ends;
Whom Living we made Foes, Dead we'll make Friends!

Muly L. Oh generous Princess! whose courageous Breath
Can set such glorious Characters on Death:

The Empress of Morocco.

The antient World did but too modest prove,
In giving a Divinity to Love.
Love the great Pow'r o'th' higher World controuls;
Heaven but creates, but Love refines our Souls.

Enter to them Q. Mother weeping.

Q. Moth. Oh Son! your Royal Father ———

Muly L. ——— Hold! your Tears

Confound my hopes. O my presaging fears!
Has he ---- it cannot be ---- has he decreed ----
Morena must not, no, she shall not bleed:
The Skies would blush when that bold deed were done;
And look more red than at a setting Sun.

Q. Moth. 'Tis not *Morena* who is doom'd to dy.

Muly L. Has he decreed I shall her place supply?
If so, thanks my kind Father, thou hast done
The only deed that could oblige a Son:
If I to save your Life resign my own;

[to *Morena*]

I shall more glorious shine than on his Throne.

Q. Moth. That object which your Mothers tears procures;
Is your great Father's sudden fate, not yours.

Muly L. My Father! ha!

Q. Moth. ——— is dead. Just as he fate
Pronouncing yours and your *Morena's* fate;
A sudden Check his hasty Breath controul'd;
He startled, trembled, and his Eye-balls rould;
His wandring fears, his unshap'd thoughts supply'd
With horrors; then *Muly Labas* he cry'd,
Forgive what my mistaken Rage has done,
In Peace possess thy Mistress, and my Throne:
Then with his dying Breath his Soul retir'd,
And in a sudden sigh his Life expir'd.

Muly L. The Emperour dead! and with his dying Breath
Did he *Morena* to his Son bequeath?
He in this Gift a Father has out-don,
And robs me of the Duty of a Son;
For those just Tears, which Nature ought t' employ,
To pay my last Debt to his Memory,
The Crowning of my Passion disallows;
Grief slightly sits on happy Lovers Brows.

Enter

The Empress of Morocco.

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Enter Crimalhaz and Hameralhaz, with Attendants.

A Shout Within.

All. Long live Muly Labas, Emperour of Morocco.

Crim. Welcome, brave Prince, to your great Father's Crown,
Advancing from a Prison to a Throne :
The City does in one full shout concur,
And in one voice proclaim you Emperour :
Yet, *Sir*, your Freedom must not reach so far,
But this fair Princess Chains you still must wear.
The Sun, Great *Sir*, must in one circuit view
Your Coronation and your Nuptials too.

Muly L. Enjoy a Throne, and my *Morena* Wedd !
A Joy too great were not my Father dead.
The Force of one the others Pow'r controuls :
Heaven fits our swelling Passions to our Souls.
When some great Fortune to mankind's convey'd,
Such Blessings are by Providence allay'd.
Thus Nature to the World a Sun creates,
But with cold Winds his pointed Rays rebates.

Exit Muly L. leading Morena.

Q. Moth. Besotted in thy Love and Empires Charms,
Sleep, and grow dull in your *Morena's* Arms.
'Twas not for this I rais'd thee to a Crown,
Poyson'd the Father to Enthroned the Son :
Had'st thou been ripe for Death, we had decreed,
Thou should'st him in his Fate, not Throne, succeed :
Thy early growth we in thy Chains had crush'd,
And mix'd thy Ashes with thy Father's Dust.
But live, fond Boy : to manage our Design,
We first must thy Great General undermine.
They, who by Policy a Crown pursue,
Snatch at one Grasp the Sword and Scepter too.
Then we'll with ease Depose an Armless King :
Men sport with Serpents when they've lost their Sting.
When our Designs to the full height succeed,
I'll place the Crown Imperial on your Head. [*to Crimalhaz.*]
Sir, of your Progress a Relation make,
How died the King ? how did the Poyson take ?

The Empress of Morocco.

Crim. With safety I accomplish'd your desire;
 For Hell and Night did in the deed conspire,
 As if he, by some secret instinct, knew
 The fatal Potion had been sent by you:
 Up from his Seat he rose, and sighing cryed,
 O unkind *Laula*! and then groan'd and dyed.
 His Death so much of horror did present,
 I curs'd my Hand for being the Instrument:
 A strange unusual trembling shook my Heart,
 As that Magician, whose Infernal Art,
 Raising a Vision, is with Terror seiz'd
 At th' Apparition his own Charms have rais'd.
 Have you consider'd, *Madam*, what you've done?

Q. M. Poyson'd my Husband, *Sir*; and if there need
 Examples to instruct you in the deed,
 I'll make my Actions plainer understood,
 Copying his Death on all the Royal Blood.

Crim. The Falls of Kings are heavy, and on You---

Q. M. Hold, *Sir*, sure you have drunk the Poison too;
 That thus your Blood grows cold; and your faint Breast
 Is with such dull and stupid Fears possess'd?
 A States-man's Breast should scorn to feel remorse;
 Murder and Treason are but things of course.

Crim. I am a Convert, *Madam*, for kind Heaven;
 Has to Mankind Immortal Spirits given,
 And Courage is their Life; but when that sinks,
 And to tame Fears and Coward-faintness shrinks,
 We the great Work of that bright frame destroy,
 And shew the World, that even our Souls can dye.
 By your Example I'll great deeds pursue:
 My Thoughts sha'nt start at what my Hand dares do:

Hamet. *Madam*, as Agents in this great Design,
Zibdy, *Morat* and *Abrahamon* joyn;
 They the Kings Ears will with such Whispers fill,
 As shall the Poyson Jealousie instill:
 And by such subtilty his Breast infect,
 Till he his General's Loyalty suspect.

Crim. Then, to promote Suspition, we'll proclaim
 His Gen'als high Courage, great Pow'r and Fame;

The Empress of Morocco.

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His Armies Love, and his great Spirit praise;
And to that pitch his heighten'd Virtues raise,
That their Perfection shall appear their Crime;
As Gyants by their Height do Monsters seem.

Q. M. Brave *Crimalhaz*! thy Breast and mine agree;
Now thou art worthy of a Crown and Mee.
And by such Arts I'll my Sons Breast invade,
Till his fond Duty has his Life betray'd,
Till by my means we have his Army gain'd,
And have remov'd the Sword into your Hand:
And then we publickly and safely may
Our bloody Ensigns to the World display:
His Pow'r once gone, we'll act his Death in state,
And dash his Blood against his Palace Gate,
Great Deeds should in the open day be don,
As Sacrifices offer'd to the Sun.

Crim. But till these mighty Actions ripen'd are,
We must the borrow'd Looks of Friendship wear.

Q. M. To flatter'ing light'ning our feign'd Smiles conform;
Which, back'd with Thunder, do but guild a Storm.

Finis Actus primi. [Exeunt.]

Act the Second, Scene the First.

The Scene opened, is Represented the Prospect of a large River, with a glorious Fleet of Ships, supposed to be the Navy of Muly Hamet: after the Sound of Trumpets and the Discharging of Guns,

Enter King, Young Queen, Hametalhaz and Attendants.

Hamet. **G**REAT Sir, Your Royal Fathers General,
Prince *Muly Hamet's* Fleet does homewards Sail,
And in a Solemn and Triumphant Pride
Their Course up the great River *Tenist* guide,
Whose gilded Currents do new Glories take
From the Reflection his bright Streamers make:
The Waves a Masque of Martial Pageants yield,
A flying Army on a floating Field.

Order

The Empress of Morocco.

Order and Harmony in each appear,
 Their lofty Bulks the foaming Billows bear.
 In state they move, and on the Waves rebound,
 As if they Danc'd to their own Trumpets sound:
 By Winds inspired, with lively Grace they roul,
 As if that Breath and Motion lent a Soul.
 And with that Soul, they seem taught Duty too,
 Their Topfail's lowr'd, their Heads with Reverence bow;
 As if they would their Generals Worth enhance,
 From him, by instinct, taught Allegiance.
 Whil'st the loud Cannons echo to the Shore,
 Their flaming Breaths salute You Emperour.
 From their deep Mouths he does your Glory sing;
 With Thunder, and with Light'ning, greets his King.
 Thus to exprefs his Joys, in a loud Quire
 And Consort of wing'd Messengers on fire.
 He has his Tribute sent, and Homage given,
 As Men in Incense send up Vows to Heaven.

Enter Muly Hamet and Abdelcador, Attended, introduced with a Flourish of Trumpets: Muly Hamet kneels to the King.

King. Welcome true owner of that Fame you bring,
 A Conqueror's a Guardian to a King.
 Conquest and Monarchy consistent are;
 'Tis Victory secures those Crowns we wear.

Muly Hamet. In all that Sword you lent me has subdu'd,
 I only, Sir, my Duty have pursu'd:
 And acts of Duty merit no Applause,
 I owe my Lawrels to my Royal-Cause.
 My Actions all are on your Name enroll'd,
 Since 'tis from you my Conqu'ring Pow'r I hold.

Hamet al. But in *Morocco* his high Pride may find
 His Name less glorious, and his Stars less kind.

Muly Hamet. Sir, your Victorious Arms are doubly crown'd,
 On Sea and Land the same success have found:
 When first our greeting Navies did salute,
 And in the rage of Flames our Cause dispute:
 The Trains of Fire our fatal Guns did make,
 Did the fierce shape of blazing Comets take:

Our

The Empress of Morocco.

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Our meeting heat such fury did contract;
That Comets can but threaten what we act;
But when the Day had a Spectator been;
And the whole Progress of this Parley seen;
Led by your Genius, Fate their Side forsook;
Some of their Ships I sunk, and some I took.
But when the interposing shades of Night
Assisted them in their disorder'd flight,
I made their Fleet to Conquest light my way;
With burning Ships made Beacons on the Sea.

King. Kind Fate, in giving you so great Success;
Could scarce grant more, nor did you merit less.

Muly H. Their Arms, who have at Sea Victorious been,
Do but the Out-works of an Empire win.
Then to compleat, what on the Sea before
I'd but begun, I Landed on their Shore.

Abdels. Saphce and Salli, Muzadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzille, Alcazer, Tituan,
Which the Usurper Gayland's Pow'r possesseth,
Those his Sword Conquer'd, and his Fame the rest:
For the less Cities at his Names surprise,
Yielding made Crowds of bloodless Victories.
Your Arms against your Foes so much have done,
They feel the Heat, though the fierce Fire be gone.

Muly H. And now-----
Hearing whose Force Morocco will Invade,
I have brought home your Army to your Aid.

T. Queen. Valour and Fate such just success allow;
As firmly place the Laurel on your Brow;
Whose very Looks so much your Foes surprise,
That You, like Beauty, conquer with your Eyes.
But, *Muly Hamet*, now your Sword must be
Imploy'd in a more Cruel Victory;
Against Invaders You your Force must lead,
And meet my Father in an Army's Head:
But the rough hand of War more gentle make;
And spare His Blood for His *Morena's* sake.

Muly H. We only do aspire to this great end,
To make your Father not our Prize, but Friend.

C

King.

10 *The Empress of Morocco.*

King. Should Fortune Crown our Forces with Success;
Our Arms, though Conqu'ring, shall not make him less.

Enter Mariamne Attended.

Muly H. Now I'm a Conqueror, *Mariamnes* Name alone
Has Triumph in't; I from this hour am made
Greater than if I wore those Crowns I won;
My Laurels too, without your Beams, would fade.

Mariam. If *Mariamnes* Eyes, Great Sir, can give
Your Laurels Life, she grants them leave to live.

Muly H. Oh my full Joys!

Mariam. I come, as one of the admiring Crowd,
To welcome Him whose Actions speak so loud.

Muly H. Madam, my Deeds can reach no higher Fame;
Than that your pretious Breath gives 'em a Name.

Mar. No doubt but War, and the harsh sound of Arms;
Has from your Bosome chas'd Loves softer Charms:
Your Thoughts, accusom'd now to Martial Toils,
Court only Honour, drest in savage Spoils.

Muly H. No, Madam, War has taught my Hands to aime
At Glory, to deserve a Lovers Name;
Since my Ambition has your Heart persu'd,
I Conquer Crowns to make my Title good:
Whose narrow Thoughts to lesser Objects move;
His Soul wants Room to entertain your Love.

King. Sir, to requite you with a Crown would be
Too mean Reward, Crowns you've bestow'd on me:
To speak my Thanks and Gratitude more large,
That vaster Debt I owe She shall discharge.
To pay what so much Merit does require,
I do command you love, where I admire.

[to *Mariamne*]

Muly H. Though *Mariamnes* Love appear'd before
The highest Happiness Fate had in store,
Yet when I view it, as an Offering
Made by the Hand of an obliging King,
It takes new Charms, looks brighter, lends new Heat;
No Objects are so Glorious or so Great,
But what may still a Greater Form put on,
As Optick Glasses magnifie the Sun.

Enter

The Empress of Morocco.

II

Enter Crimalhaz; Shouts within.

Crim. Your Subjects wait with eager joys to pay
Their Tribute to your Coronation Day.

King. You are arriv'd a welcome Guest, to share
Those Ceremonies which their Joys prepare; [*to Muly Hamet.*
Your Presence to their solemn Rites will grant
That Ornament which this days Triumphs want;
What more could their impatient Wishes meet,
Then in one day a King and Conqu'rouer greet?
Whil'ft they behold Triumphant on one Throne
The Wearer and Defender of a Crown.
Lead on-----

Muly H. Lead on, and all that kneel to you,
Shall bow to me. This Conquest makes it due. [*to Mariamne.*
Exeunt all but Crimalhaz.

Crim. Dull Souldier, in thy Victories go on,
And live to see me wear the Crowns you won.
Let Cowards to their Fathers Thrones advance,
Be Great and Powerful by Inheritance.
No Laurels by descent my Brow adorn;
But what gains Crowns, I am to Courage born.
Ambition is the rise of Souls, like mine;
Those Wreaths my Birth does want, my Brain shall win.
They in advance to Greatness glorious prove,
Who out of the dull track of Birth-right move.
Birth-right, the Prop of an unpurchas'd Name,
A weak Alliance to an Elder Fame,
No Glory by Descent is never worn;
Men are to Worth and Honour Rais'd, not Born. *Exit.*

The Scene opened,

A State is presented, the King, Queen and Mariamne Seated, Muly Hamet, Abdalcador and Attendants; a Moorish Dance is presented by Moors in several Habits, who bring in an Artificial Palm-Tree, about which they Dance to several Antick Instruments of Musick; in the intervals of the Dance, this Song is Sung by a Moorish Priest and two Moorish Women; the Chorus of it being performed by all the Moors.

The Empress of Morocco.

1. Stanza.

NO Musick like that which Loyalty sings,
 A Consort of Hearts at the Crowning of Kings:
 There's no such Delightful and Ravishing strain,
 As the Echoes and Shouts of Long Live and Reign.
 Long live and reign, long live and reign,
 No Shouts so delightful, as, Long Live and Reign.
 Long live and reign, &c. Chorus.

2. Stanza.

No Homage like what from Loyalty springs,
 We'll Kneel to our Gods, but we'll Dye for our Kings;
 We'll pay that Devotion our Lives shall maintain:
 No raising of Altars like Long Live and Reign.
 Long live and reign, long live and reign,
 No raising of Altars, like Long Live and Reign.
 Long live, &c.

After the Dance.

King. They have paid theirs, now I my Debts will pay;
 Sir, the next Sun shall see your Nuptial day.
 We, who would best great Services requite,
 Do first our Friendships, then our Bloods unite;
 And that your Hands more solemnly may joyn,
 Our Royal Mothers Gift shall second mine.

T. Queen. Her gentle Breath already, from just Fame;
 Has kindly entertain'd your Glorious Name;
 And in that Dress, You, as a Conqu'rou, may
 To her a more than welcome Visit pay.

King. But since the Sorrows of the Mourning Queen,
 For our late Father, make her keep unseen,
 Let this conduct you.

[Gives him a Ring.]

Muly H. I am here more blest-----
 Than if I an Imperial Seat possess.
 Whilst in your Breast an Empire I obtain,
 Not only Kings, but Gods unenvied Reign.
 Beauty would almost Infidels create;
 Who, beyond Love, can wish a higher state?

[to Mariamne.]

Exeunt all but Abdelcador.

Abdelc. Oh Charming Sex!-----
 How vast a Circle does thy Magick take?
 The highest Spirits humblest Lovers make.

All that Heroick Greatness, which but now
Made haughty Foes and stubborn Nations bow,
Turns Vassal to a Smile, a Look's disguise:
Who Conquer Thousands, are one Woman's Prize.
Fate sets Commanding Beauty in their way,
Beauty that has more God-like Pow'r than they:
Love o're the Hearts of yielding Heroes sports;
Who're Conquerours in Camps, are Slaves in Courts.

Exit.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Act the Third, Scene the First.

Enter Muly Hamet, Scene the Palace.

Muly H. **T**Is now our Royal Mothers Breath must bind
That sacred tie of Love my King has sign'd,
And Providence has Seal'd: make her but kind.

}

Scene, a Bed-Chamber.

*The Scene opens, and discovers Crimalhaz and Queen Mother
Sleeping on a Couch; a Table standing by, with Crimalhaz's
Plume of Feathers, and his Drawn Sword upon it.*

Re-Enter Muly Hamet.

Muly H. *Laula in Crimalhaz his Arms asleep!*
Ha! Does she thus for her dead Husband weep?
Oh Fond and Amorous Queen! has Lust such Charms,
Can make Her fly to an Adulterers Arms?
His Sword drawn for his Guard? ---- [*Spies the Sword.*
But he shall die.----- No, He shall Wake, and Know
The Justice, and the Hand that gives the Blow:
Should I descend to a Revenge so base,
His Death unarm'd, my Glory would deface:
I will restore the Traytors Sword; for still
I have been taught to Conquer those I kill.
Well, as a Witness of his Crime, his Sword
I'll take, which when we meet shall be restor'd.
Then secretly, but Honourably too,
My Hand shall Act what to his Guilt is due;

For, lest I should my Queens Disgrace proclaim,
I'll right her Wrongs, but I'll conceal her Shame.

Exit.

The Scene changes to an Anti-Chamber.

*Muly Hamet Re-enters with the same Sword, and in passing
over the Stage is overtaken by the King.*

King. Muly Hamet!

Muly H. The King!

King. What have you there?

Muly H. Curst Chance! what shall I say?

[aside.]

King. You thus appear

To've left the Field to gather Laurels here:

Who is the Man that has this Honour gain'd,

To be subdu'd by such a Gen'rous Hand?

Tell me?

Muly H. Your Royal Pardon:

King. No, proceed:

If you have Kill'd him, I forgive the Deed,

Who e're against you durst his Sword unsheath;

Has justly from your Hand deserv'd his Death.

Muly H. No, Sir, he lives, and lives unvanquish'd too:

King. How, lives!

Muly H. Oh do not your demands pursue.

Urge me no more, nor force me to reveal

The only thing my Honour would conceal.

King. How, Muly Hamet, durst you act that thing

You dare not utter to your Friend, and King.

Muly H. My Kings Esteem I by my Silence lose,

And Speaking, I his Mothers Shame expose.

[aside.]

King. Speak, if you can by Friendship be conjur'd,

Who is it?

Muly H. Sir, 'tis Crimalhaz his Sword.

*King. How Crimalhaz! Are you not newly from
Th' Apartment of my Royal Mother come?*

In what defenceless Garb did you surprise

Him there, that you disarm'd him with such ease?

We o're our Womens Honours set such Eies,

That the Seraglio all access denies;

Who enters there, without my Signer, dies.

Muly H.

The Empress of Morocco.

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Muly H. Her Shame too openly will be descry'd;
His Jealousie will find what I would hide.

[*aside.*]

King. A sudden Fancy does my Breast inflame,
Something so strange as I want words to name:
But She's my Mother, and I dare not guess---
Yet She's a Woman, and I can no less
Than start at Horrors which my Honour stain.
Confusion! and was *Crimalhaz* the Man?

Muly H. Oh! *Sir*, what has my forc'd Obedience done?
Against a Mother I've Incens'd a Son.
Your Princely Brow let no disorders change,
Let my Hand, *Sir*, Your disturb'd Peace Revenge.

King. No, *Muly Hamet* has a Sword too good
To be defil'd with an Adulterers Blood.
He t'an Ignobler Fate shall be condemn'd;
I'll make him Infamous, Low, and Contemn'd.
Disrob'd of all his Titles, he shall Bleed,
Like a Crown'd Victim to an Altar led,
Whose Wreaths and Garlands to the fire are cast,
And then the naked Sacrifice falls last.
That sinking Statef-man undergoes the worst
Of Deaths, whose Honours and whose Pow'r dies first. [*exit King.*]

Muly H. This was the only Chance could shake my Fame.
Oh weak Foundations of a Glorious Name!
I from the Field do a Crown'd Conqu'rour come,
To turn a base Informer here at home:
Yet nothing is so bright but has some Scars;
Men can through Glasses find out Spots in Stars.

[*Exit*]

*The Scene changes again, to the Queen Mothers Bed-Chamber,
where She and Crimalhaz appear hand in hand; She in
a Morning Dress.*

Grim. Love acts the part of Tributary Kings:
As they pay Homage to their Conquerour;
Our kind Embraces are but Offerings
Of Tribute to Triumphant Beauty's Pow'r!

Q. M. Great Spirits, Rivals are to Gods, and can;
Were all the World like me, their Heav'n unman:
We'd antidate our Bliss, not stay to move,
Like Pageant-Saints, to Airy Seats above;

We'd

We'd here below enjoy our Chiefest Good,
And reap Delights which they near understood.

Crim. Ha! my Sword gone! Madam, we are betray'd.

Q. Moth. Who e're has seen us, knows I am a Queen.
That powerful Word his Silence does demand:
'Tis Blasphemy to name, nay, understand
What Princes act.

Crim. Ho! *Achmat, Achmat,* —

[*Enter Achmat.*

— What bold Man has been
Admitted to th' Apartment of the Queen?

Achmat. Prince Muly Hamet.

Q. Moth. Ha! by whose Command?

Achmat. The Royal Signet from the Kings own hand
Gave him Admittance.

Q. Moth. But, rude Slave, how durst
You violate what I commanded first?
Know, Traytor, I am Mother to a King:
His Pow'r subordinate from Me does spring.
My Orders therefore should unquestion'd stand,
Who gave him Breath, by which he does Command.
What my Commands have mist, this shall make good,
Princes are by their Deeds best understood.

[*Stabs the Eunuch, who falls and dies.*

Crim. Fall, and in Death all hopes of Mercy lose,
Who durst the Secrets of your Queen disclose:
Closets of Princes should be held Divine,
As a Saint's presence Consecrates his Shrine:
And Princes Pleasures should Alliance hold
With their great Pow'r, be free and uncontroul'd.

Q. Moth. Is it not pity now-----
That Grave Religion, and dull sober Law
Should the high flights of Sportive Lovers aw?
Whilst for the loss, of what's not worth a Name,
The slight excursions of a wanton flame,
You must your Ruin meet, and I my Shame:
And yet we must not at our Dooms repine;
Because Law and Religion are Divine.

Yes, they're Divine; for they're so over-good,
I'm sure, they ne're were made by Flesh and Blood.
But since 'tis past, what does your Courage think?
You will not shake at what I scorn to shrink.

Crim.

The Empress of Morocco.

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Crim. No, though I lose that Head which I before
Design'd should the *Morocco-Crown* have wore:
Yet what's the fear of Tortures, Death, Hell? Death,
Like a faint Lust can only stop the Breath.
Tortures weak Engines that can run us down,
Or skrew us up till we are out of Tune.
And Hell, a feeble, puny cramp of Souls;
Such infant Pains may serve to frighten Fools.
Fates, if I'm doom'd your Mark, I'll stand you fair;
Nor will I for your Favours lose a Pray'r.

Q. M. A Pray'r, Devotion and a Statef-man! No,
The Pow'rs above are Titular below:
Stars are all Eye, and when great Deeds are done,
All their faint Lights are but bare Lookers-on:
Now thou art brave, none but a Heart above
The shock of Fortune could deserve my Love:
But fear no danger, to our aid I'll call
My Arts and Friends in Hell, to stop our Fall.
To this I'll for our safety take recourse;
Through your right Hand this fatal Dagger force:
Then leave the Conduct of the Deed to me;
Fate dares no less than my Protector be.

*Here Crimalhaz Stabs himself in his right
Arm, which immediately appears bloody.*

Crim. 'Tis done.

[Throws away the Dagger.]

Enter to them the King and Muly Hamet.

King. May Heav'n forgive my Eyes, that they have seen
This Object in a Mother and a Queen.

Q. M. Oh Son! be deaf to what will wound your Ear,
Let this black Day be cancell'd from the Year.
But if your Justice must his Faults pursue,
Impose on Me what to his Guilt is due.

Muly H. See how she treats her Shame: *Madam*, I wish
Your Virtues greater, or your Birth were less.

King. Since you have sullied thus our Royal Blood,
The Grounds and Rise of this past Crime relate, *[to Crimalhaz.]*
That, having your Offences understood,
We, what we can't recall, may expiate.

Crim. Sir, 'Twas my fate-----

D

Q. M.

18 *The Empress of Morocco.*

Q. Moth. Hold, *Sir*, the Story does to me belong;
A Womans Frailty from a Womans Tongue.
Whilst pensively I in my Closet fate
My Eyes pay'd Tribute to my Husbands Fate;
And while those Thoughts my sinking Spirits seiz'd;
His Entrance my dejected Courage rais'd:

[*Pointing to Muly Hamet.*]

The sudden Object did new Thoughts produce;
My Griefs suspended, lent my Tears a Truce:
For then I otherwise employ'd my Eyes,
Whilst in his Aspect I read Victories. [*points to Muly Hamet.*]
But, *Muly Hamet*, then your cruel Breast ----

Muly H. Speak.

Q. Moth. Let my Tears and Blushes speak the rest.

Muly H. What does she mean? My lab'ring Thoughts dispatch.

Q. Moth. Your Soul and Person Nature did ill match.
Such savage Passions and unruly Heat,
Lodg'd in Your Breast, hold a too glorious Seat.

Muly H. This mystick Language does my Sence confound.

Q. Moth. Oh, *Sir*!

King. This riddling History expound.

Q. Moth. Well, *Sir*, since you will force my Tongue, I must
Be to my Honour and my Virtue just.
Having a while upon each other gaz'd,
He at my Silence, I his Eyes amaz'd:
Then, *Muly Hamet*, then ----

King. What did he do?

Q. M. Attempt to Ravish me. His alter'd Brow
Wore such fierce Looks, as had more proper been
To lead an Army with, than Court a Queen.
And, as a Ravisher, I abhor'd him more
In that black form, than I admir'd before.
But whilst my Virtue a Resistance made,
My Shrieks and Cries brought *Achmat* to my aid:
Whilst the Eunuch stood amaz'd, his Sword he snatch'd,
And at one stroke his wond'ring Soul dispatch'd.

Muly H. Oh Horror!

Q. Moth. Then, led by some happy Chance,
Kind *Crimalhaz* did to my Aid advance.

Crim. But being by my sudden Entrance crost,
And all the Hopes of his stoln Pleasures lost,
My sight did to his sparkling Eyes inspire
Such Rage, as if his Lust had lent 'em Fire:
Though Justice in Her Cause did guide my Hand,
No Sword could his Victorious Arm withstand:
And when his Weapon through my Hand did run,
Fearing th' Event of what his Rage had done,
He bore away my Sword, a poor Pretence,
To turn his Crime upon my Innocence,

Muly H. False and Perfidious Traytor!
Sir, to your Royal Favours add one more,
And I'll quit all that I receiv'd before:

[to Crimalhaz.
[to the King.

To this Adulterer your leave afford
To vindicate his Treason by his Sword;
That Justice, by my Hand, may give him Death;
And stifle with his Blood his Perjur'd Breath.

King. Hold, *Sir*, if you this rash attempt pursue,
You'll make me think, that what he says is true.
This subtle mystery confounds me more
Than the past horror of the Deed before.

Crim. Alas, *Sir*, He, who has so Savage been,
To dare abuse the Honour of a Queen,
Esteeming all less Crimes but sportive things,
Could not want Words t' abuse the Ears of Kings?

Muly H. Bold Villain-----

King. Hold, your Passions Rage command;
You in an injur'd Monarchs presence stand.

Muly H. Can the Eternal Pow'rs such Treachery
Permit? You the great Rulers of the Sky,
Sitting thus patient at so tame a rare,
In Heav'n's soft ease are grown effeminate.
If such loud Crimes your armless Pow'r out-face,
Your pointless Vengeance will your Heav'n disgrace.

Q. M. Had you my Breast by Honour sought to win,
Yet Love t' a Pious Mother, and Mourning Queen,
Had sounded harsh. But grant that time and Love
Could from my Bosom my Dead Lord remove:
I to your Passion might so just have been,
To've met your Love, but not i'th' shape of Sin.

The Empress of Morocco.

Muly H. Madam, You may say any thing: Your Sex
And Birth, the vent of my just Passions checks.

Sir, do but hear ——— *[To the King.]*

Crim. You may vouchsafe to hear
What You may read more plainly, here and there.

[Points to the dead Eunuch and his wounded Arm.]

King. I in this Parley too much time bestow:
Hearing the Cause, I make the Vengeance flow.

Guards ——— Yet I'll hear him ———

Muly H. My single Word a vain Defence will make,
Where so much Witness, and a Mother speak.
But yet Heav'n sees my Innocence; and know
That I am proud this Shame to undergo.
Believe me, her intended Ravisher
Appearing so, I take the Guilt from Her.
Their false Impeachments do this comfort bring,
That I may wear that Cloud would shade a King.

King. His kind soft Words do but confirm th' Offence;
Men are ne're losers for their Breaths expence:
But still speak kindest when their Falls are near,
Not out of Generosity, but fear.

It is enough She witness'd his Offence;
Her Virtue scorns to accuse Innocence.
And since her Blood does run within my Veins,
By instinct I know she all that's base disdains.

But if I want more Proofs to make it out,
His Murder and his Wound removes the doubt.

Muly Hamet, for this Guilt, our Prophets Breath,
Has in his sacred Laws pronounc'd your Death.

Q. Moth. His Death! *[Surprised.]*

But hold! The King will then my Cheat descry,
I wish His Death who tamely see him dye. *[Aside.]*

O cruel Sir, that killing Breath recall: *[To the King.]*
Our holy Prophet dares not see him fall,

I'm sure, had he My Eyes. Heav'n cannot see
Such Courage bear so harsh a Destinie.

The Pow'r above would shrink at what he felt:

His Death to Tears their Chrystal Orb would melt,
But ———

If you must act what Mercy can't prevent,
Inflict ——— inflict some milder Punishment!

King.

The Empress of Morocco.

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King. His Deeds and Service in Morocco's Cause
May mitigate the rigour of our Laws.

His Army then I to your charge commend,
Her Honours Guàrdian, and our Loyal Friend. [to Crimalhaz.]

Here bind the Traytor, and convey him strait [to the Guards.]
To Prison, there to linger out his Fate :

'Till his hard Lodging, and his slender Food,
Allay the Fury of his Lustful Blood. [Guards bind Muly Ham.]

Q. Moth. Think what Impression on my Breast 'twill make,
To see his Hands wear Fetters for my sake.

Muly H. Madam, be serious, tell me how so foul
A Treason gain'd admission to your Soul.

Q. M. My Soul ! Dull Man, what has my Soul to do
In such mean Acts as my betraying You ?

Murder and Treason -----

Without the help of Souls, when I think good,
Such toys I æt ; as I'm but Flesh and Blood.

Mu. H. Let not too high your Scorn of Justice swell:
Know, *Madam*, on such Crimes there waits an Hell.

Q. M. Hell ! No, of that I scorn to be afraid :
I'll send such throngs to the Infernal Shade ;
Betray, and Kill, and Damn to that degree,
I'll crowd up Hell, till there's no Room for Me.

King. Here, to the Tower that guarded Pris'ner send :
His farther Doom from my Commands attend.

Muly H. I for my former state
My Homage to your Royal Father paid,
And Monarchs may destroy what Monarchs made :

For Subjects Glories are but borrow'd things,
Rais'd by the favourable Smiles of Kings :

And at their Authors Pleasures should retire,
And when their Breath renounces 'em expire.

Should I the Sentence of my Sovereign blame,
I should be guiltier than They say I am.

But though your Frowns declare my Fetters just,
Look to what dang'rous Hand your Pow'r you trust.

Monarchs do nothing ill, unless when they
By their own Acts of Grace their Livès betray :

When Favours they too gen'rously afford,
And in a Treacherous Hand misplace their Sword,

*In whisper
between*

*Muly Ha-
met and*

*Queen
Mother.*

The Empress of Morocco.

Their Bounties in their Ruine are employ'd:
Kings only by their Virtues are destroy'd.

King. Your Counsels weakly do my Ears attract;
You ill teach Virtue which you cannot act.
Live then, till time this sense of Horror brings,
What 'tis to ravish Queens, and injure Kings.

*Exeunt King and Muly Hamet severally; Muly Hamet led
out by the Guards.*

Q. Moth. You see, the Fates do their Allegiance know,
And to my pow'rful Breath their Conduct ow.
'Tis pity Monarchs are so scarce——

Such gen'rous, easie, kind, good-natured things,
That one feign'd Tear can rule the Faith of Kings.

Crim. So bravely, Madam, your Design succeeds,
As if the Fates were Vassals to your Deeds.
That Politician who to Empire climbs,
With Virtues dress should beautifie his Crimes.
Our guilded Treason thus like Coral seems,
Which appears black within its native Streams:
But when disclos'd, it sees the open Air;
It changes Colour, and looks Fresh and Fair.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene the second. The Scene a Prison.

The Scene opens, Muly Hamet appears bound.

Muly H. Disrob'd of all at once! what turns more strange
Can Ages, if an hour can make such Change?

*Enter to him Mariamne, with one Attendant, from whom
she takes a Sword, and Exit Attendant.*

Kind Mariamne!

Mar. Yes, False Man, the same,
Till your bold Lust had forfeited that Name.
The Daughters easie Breast would ill confer
A Kindness on her Mothers Ravisher.

Muly H. Can *Mariamne* think me guilty too?
More than my Chains have done your Frowns will do:
Mariamne's Eyes out-vie her Brothers Pow'r,
I ne're was miserable untill this hour.

Mariamne.

Mar. Ungrateful ! is your Soul so much defaced ?
Have I so ill a too fond Heart misplaced ?
My Rival Mother does my Right remove :
And in affront to my rejected Love.
Your Scorn to Me, you in her Shame make good,
Forcing her Virtue to prophane my Blood.
But, Perjur'd Man, though you deserve so ill,
Yet you shall find me *Mariamne* still.
To my past Favours, I will add one more,
Thus I your Freedom, and your Sword restore.

[*Unbinds him, and gives him the Sword.*]

Live, and in safety go, and fly that Fate
Which does th' Unhappy *Muly Hamet* wait.

Muly H. My Sword and Liberty restor'd by You,
To one Ungrateful, False and Perjur'd too !
Ah, *Madam*, if your Mercy can confer
Such Bounry on a Condemn'd Ravisher ;
What nobler Favours would your Smiles dispence,
If *Mariamne* knew my Innocence ?

Mar. Sir, you mistake my Favours : I have lent
Your Freedom only as your Banishment :
That being releas'd, you might *Morocco* fly,
Remov'd at once both from my Heart and Eye.
For should he stay ----

Something like Pity in his cause would plead,
Till my faint Anger were in Triumph led.
Some Rebel Thought my ill-fenc'd Heart would win,
And Treach'rously once more permit him in.
Go, Ravisher, take your offer'd Liberty :
And to some barb'rous unknown Desert fly,
Where Men have nought but Shape that's humane ; there,
Where Virtue looks more ill than Monsters here.
Converse with Wild and Lustful Savages :

Live, and inhabit any Seat ---- but This. [*Points to her Breast.*]

Muly H. Divine, but cruel Princess, to whom Heav'n
Has all its Titles but its Knowledge giv'n.
Else, like their Pow'rs, you could not want a Sence
Of *Muly Hamet's* injur'd Innocence.

Can Murders, Rapes, or any Barb'rous Deed,
Madam, from your Adorers Thoughts proceed ?

No,

No, Hells Commission does not reach so far,
To touch his Heart which does your Image wear;

Mar. Ah, were this true!

Muly H. Witness the sacred Pow'rs;
If ought of Truth be in a Heart that's yours,
Then *Crimalhaz* is false. Your Mother too,
(If ought that's ill can be allied to you)
Has spoke what *Muly Hamet* durst not think.
Achmat his Death, and *Crimalhaz* his Wound;
Not from My Sword, but from Their Dagger found.
The Eunuchs Blood by their own Hand was spilt;
To work my Ruine, and conceal their Guilt.

Mar. A gentle Calm my Anger does assuage;
Creeps coolly o're my Heart, and chills my Rage.
Some strange Divine Intelligence is stole
Into my Breast, and whispers to my Soul,
Unkind, Suspicious, Cruel, and Unjust;
That Virtue Love had taught him, you may trust.

} aside.

Muly H. Were I that Savage Ravisher I seem,
I still might Father this imputed Crime;
This Prison, and Our private Interview,
Giving me pow'r t' Attempt that force on You.
How dare you then my Out-law'd Virtue trust,
And lend that freedom which would arm that Lust?
But did you know how clear my Soul does shine,
Unclouded, and still pure enough, t' enshrine
Such a Divinity as yours, you'd free
Your self from Doubts, as you from Chains did Me.
Your Mothers Eyes cannot your Right remove,
To prove the power of *Mariamne's* Love:
Madam, my proffer'd Freedom I refuse,
Flying *Morocco*, I your sight should lose;
And rather than be Banish'd from those Eyes,
I can all thoughts of Liberty despise:
For I in Fetters may your Grace implore,
And make your Pity grant one Visit more.
If not your Love, yet your Compassion may
Once more, at least, guide your kind steps this way.
Gaining your sight, I can my Chains out-brave,
The Brother's Prisoner, but the Sister's slave.

Mar.

Mar. Enough, brave Prince; My Jealousie forgive;
Virtue ne're dies, where so much Love does live.
Heav'n cannot but, like Me, think it unjust,
That so much Virtue should in Fetters rust.
But since of Injur'd Innocence Heav'n dares
Be a Spectator, I'll correct the Star's.

I will redress those Wrongs,
Which their tame patience lets you suffer. Take
Once more your Freedom for your Princess sake.
Fly these Infected Walls, this Barb'rous Town,
Where Virtue mourns under a Tyrants frown.
Before, my Rage your Freedom did Command:
But now accept it from a gentler Hand.

Kindness and Cruelty one doom decree:
None ever Punish, and Reward like Me.

Muly H. And must I from my Princess presence fly?

Mar. No, stay.

Muly H. Kind Stars!

Mar. Yes, in my Memory.

Absent you shall in my Remembrance reign;
I'll to your Image dedicate this shrine. *[Points to her Breast.*

Enter King, and Young Queen. *[To the Door.*

Muly H. Madam, your Brother, when he hears my Sword,
And Liberty is by your Hand restor'd,
May grow Incens'd to such a high degree;
To make You share those Frowns which threatned Me.
And are my thoughts so low, to make you run
Those Dangers which I by my flight shall shun?

Mar. Request does with a Mistress pow'r ill suite.
Sir, I Command that freedom you dispute.
And, if his stubborn Faith to a just thought
Of your wrong'd Innocence cannot be wrought:
If his rash Passion natures bonds should quit,
And make him both my Sex, and Birth forget;
Remember that you wear a Sword; and You
As you're my Servant, be my Champion too.

*Enter to them King, Young Queen, Queen Mother, Crimalhaz,
Hametalhaz and Attendants.*

King. His Sword, and Freedom by her hand retrieved!
Surely my Eyes and Ears are both deceiv'd.

The Empress of Morocco.

How ! Rebel, dare you with things Sacred sport,
Ravish the Mother, and the Daughter Court?
Have You your Birth no better understood,
Than to be Traytor to your own high Blood ?
Since Prisons no restraint o're Lust can have,
Why did I not confine him to a Grave ?

[to Muly H.
to Mariamne.

Muly H. 'Tis not long since your Bounty did design
Not only This, but th' Hand that gave it, mine.

King. When I design'd That, I design'd She shou'd
Be in a Palace, not a Prison, woo'd ;
Not circled in a Chain, but in a Crown :
Sir, You mistake a Dungeon for a Throne.

T. Q. Remember, if your Memory can prove
So just, r'unravel your own Scenes of Love.
Unless blest Lovers, whose desires are Crown'd,
Mounting so high, forget their rising ground.
These Prison-walls have Echo'd to your Sighs,
Conscious as well of your Amours, as His.
No Fetters can Love's lawless pow'r suppress :
You too have been a Lover in his dress.
Some Pity then should to their Loves be shown ;
For their so near resemblance of your own.
She can forgive his Faults, why cannot You ?
If Love can Pardon, why not Honour too ?

Mar. Knew you his Innocence, you would approve
Both his just Liberty, and my just Love.
But, *Sir*, you know, I'm Sister to a King :
And in that Name I dare do any thing ;
Make where I please, my Heart an Offering.
Tortures, nor Chains, shall not my Love rebate :
I'll share his Breast, though I should share his Fate.

King. Sister, your noble Pride has made me kind :
I'll give him that Reward which You design'd.
Your Courteous hand his Freedom did restore ;
And I'll repeat what you pronounc'd before ;
Be gone, and never see *Morocco* more.
At the next Mornings light, if the Suns Eye
Find' you within the City-Gates, you Dye.
And the Tenth day you lose your Head, if found
Within the Circuit of my Empires bound.

Muly H.

Muly H. Now I am lost, and all my Hopes disperst,
This Monsters Villany has done its worst. [to Crimalhaz]
Inhumane, to your Conscious Soul recall-----

Crim. The Tortures which it feels to see You fall.

Muly H. No, Traytor.

Crim. Traytor, Yes Sir, I should be
Traytor to Reason and Humanity,
Should I not grieve for You.

Muly H. Oh cunning Ignorance !
These Traytors walk like Mad-men in a Trance :
Seem not to understand the Crimes they Act,
But from what Springs, do You your Tears extract ! [aside, to Q. M.]

Q. M. From springs so deep shall sink Thee down to Hell.
I shed my Tears, as Rain in Egypt falls,
Sent for no common cause, but to foretell [aside to him]
Destructions, Ruins, Plagues, and Funerals.
I ne're draw Tears, but when those Tears draw Blood.

King. My Justice in suspence too long has stood.

Q. M. How, Justice ? no, your Cruelty. How can
So harsh a Doom against so brave a Man,
Be Justice ? View that Brow, that Charming Eye :
See there the Grace and Meen of Majesty.
Can you to Exile then that Man enjoyn,
Whose Soul must, like his Aspect, be Divine ?
O Son ! [Weeps.]

King. His Sentence is already past ;
And now her Kindness does his Ruine hast.
Be gone, and fly to some Infected Air,
Where Poysons brood, where Men derive their Crimes,
Their Lusts, their Rapes, and Murthers, from their Climes :
And all the Venome which their Soils do want,
May the Contagion of your Presence grant.

Muly H. I must obey you, and embrace my Doom
With the same patience Saints do Martyrdom.
Only their Sufferings a Reward receive ;
They Dye to meet that Happiness I leave :
They Dye, that in their Deaths they Heaven may find :
But in my Princess, I leave Mine behind.
And my hard Exile does this Horrour bring,
I lose the Power to serve so good a King :

So Good, that 'would as great a Bliss confer,
 To Dye for You, as 'tis to Live for Her.
 Since in your Kingdoms Limits I'm deny'd
 A Seat, may your great Empire spread so wide,
 Till its vast largeness does Reverse my Doom;
 And for my Banishment the World wants room.

King. I'll hear no more. But for this Audience know
 How much you to my gracious Favour owe.
 His Mercy's great, whose Patience is so strong,
 To give a Traytor leave to Talk thus long.

[*Exeunt King and young Queen.*]

Mar. Farewel for ever. When you're gone, and all
Mariamne ever Lov'd, or ever shall.-----

She sees no more; Yet by despair made just,
 Let not our Hearts take leave though our Eyes must.
 Though you through wild and savage Defarts go,
 No place so barren, but where Love may grow.

Maly H. When to your Ears some gentle breath shall bring
 The last remains of a lost wretched thing,
 That lived as long as he could gaze on You;
 And shined, till that inspiring Light withdrew.
 If Fame vouchsafe words on a wretch so poor;
 When you shall hear I was, but am no more;
 In my lost Seat let my Remembrance stay:
 Give my Name Life, though Grief take Mine away.

[*Exeunt Muly Hamet and Mariamne severally.*]

Crim. Fate and our Wishes meet.

Q. M. His Exile is not all:

Our Treasons are not safe but in his Fall.
 He Lives, though he be Banish'd; and the Great
 Are never fully Dark'ned, till they Set:
 This Cloud may pass, and He shine out once more;
 But from your hand this favour I implore:
 Pursue him out of Town, and in disguise
 With some dissembling Tale his Ears surprise;
 Till your Confederate Party has gain'd time
 To place an Ambuscade, and Murder him.

[*to Hametal.*]

Hametal. Conclude it done.

Q. M. And your next step t' a Throne
 Must be, dear Sir, the Murther of my Son,

[*to Crimalhaz.*]

Crim.

Crim. His Palace-----

And the kind City's love's so strong a Guard,
Th' Attempt within these Walls appears too hard.

Q. M. But what that bars, this easier way secures:
His Army, and his Treasures Charge, are yours,
To Morrow on the Plain, before the Wall,
His Forces you t' a General-Muster Call.
Then their Commander, You shall in their Head
His Army to the Mountain *Atlas* lead:
And to secure your Flight, to night by Stealth
Ransack his Treasury, seize all his Wealth.
At first Alarm, this will his Courage damp:
But by such Arts, I his Resolves will sway;
I'll work him from the Town up to the Camp,
And safe into your Hands his Life betray.
But when Your Throne I on His Grave have built,
Remember Love was Author of my Guilt.

Crim. This work, which we so roughly do begin,
Zeal and Religion may perhaps call Sin.
No; the more Barb'rous garb our Deeds assume,
We nearer to our First perfection come.
Since Nature first made Man Wild, Savage, Strong;
And his Blood hot, then when the World was Young:
If Infant-times such Rising-Valours bore,
Why should not Riper Ages now do more?
But whilst our Souls wax Tame, and Spirits Cold,
We only show th'unactive World grows Old.

[*Exeunt Crimalhaz, and Queen Mother.*]

Hamet. *Maly Hamet* Bleeds the next.
To him, who Climbs by Blood, no track seems Hard:
The Scene of Crimes is lost in the Reward:
Aspirers neither Guilt nor Danger Dread:
No path so rough Ambition dares not Tread.

[*Exit.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

Act the Fourth, Scene the First.*Enter King, Attended.*

King. **H**OW ! *Crimalhaz* up to the Mountains fled,
 And with him the *Morocco* Forces led ?
 Oh Rebel !

1. *Lord.* Sir, he only does pursue
 That Treason which you lent him Pow'r to do :
 He was your Treasurer, and has made bold
 To be too strict a Guardian of your Gold.
 All your Crown Jewels, and your heaps of Wealth,
 He in the Night convey'd away by Stealth.
 And now----

Encamped on *Atlas* Skirts, he by your Gold
 Has rais'd new Forces, and confirm'd the old :
 With that he Bribes your Army to his Cause ;
 And after him new Trains of Rebels draws.

King. Oh Prophane Gold, which from Infectious Earth,
 From Sulph'rous and Contagious Mines take Birth.
 It grew from Poysons, and has left behind
 Its native Venome to Infect Mankind.
 Rapes, Murders, Treasons, what has Gold not done ?
 If it has ever any Glory won,
 Given to Reward a Virtue, or decreed
 T' a Pious use or Charitable Deed ;
 That sacred Pow'rs but borrowed, which it bears,
 Lent from their Royal Images it wears.

Enter Queen Mother.

2. *Lord.* I am afraid his Thoughts fly High ; his Dreams
 Have little less than Empires for their Theams.

King. On what Ill subjects I my Favours cast ?
 Him high in Pow'r, and Honours I have plac'd.
 Kings Bounties act like the Suns Courteous smiles,
 Whose rays produce kind Flowers on fruitful Soyles :
 But cast on barren Sands, and baser Earth,
 Only breed Poysons, and give Monsters Birth.

2. *Lord.*

The Empress of Morocco.

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2. *Lard*. Let not too far your Fears your Peace molest :
Perhaps you've mis-interpreted his Breast.
You know that *Crimalhaz* his high Command
Was formerly in *Muly Hamets* hand.
He who forced Favours both from Fate and Fame;
Made War a Sport, and Conquest but a Game.
And therefore he, perhaps, to Act some Deed
Which *Muly Hamets* glory may exceed,
Has for his Mistress, from the common Rout
Of the Worlds Beauties, singled Honour out.
And that which makes him his Designs disguise,
He'll make his flight of Honour a surprise.

King. No, he's a Traytor, and he'll use my Pow'r,
Not to Promote, but to Usurp my Crown.
Pow'r swoln too high destroys, not guards; as show'rs,
Luxurious grown, what they should Cherish, drown.
Our Swords in Loyal hands may act great Things:
Be both the Glory and Defence of Kings:
But when misplaced, those Arms our Ruins be:
As Mountains Bulwarks are at Land, but Rocks at Sea.

Q. M. Can you Rebellion fear, or any thing
Who are my Son, and great *Morocco's* King?
If he be False, you can't resist your Fate:
If True, his aim will be to guard your State.
But grant he would some Traytrous act perform;
Accept my Counsel to divert the Storm.
Up to the Mountains strait, and visit Him.
Your Awful sight may check an ungrown Crime;
Out-face his Treason e're his Rife begin:
Men Bashful are i'th' non-age of a Sin,

King. Madam, your dauntless spirit would breath Fire
To breasts as cold as Age. I must admire
Your Courage: but your Innocence mistakes,
Your Goodness in my Cause weak Judgment makes.
Your Thoughts can't Reach the flights which Treason takes.

Q. M. You've hit my Thoughts: Alas, I am too good,
Treason's a Thing I never understood.
But yet I understand what's High and Brave.
He dares not, *Sir*, abuse that pow'r You gave.
For he who sav'd my Honour, will guard yours:
That very Argument your Life secures.

Then :

Then trust to Fortune, and my Counsel. Go }
 And visit him ; but wear no Jealous brow : }
 It makes Men False to be suspected so.
 I'll be your Leader.

King. When She leads the Way,
 Though it were Death to go, 'twere worse to Stay.
Madam, I'll go. For *Taffaletta's* Arms
 In few days March will reach *Morocco's* Walls.
 If *Crimalhaz* prove False, at his Alarms
Muly Labas by a Foreign Conqu'rouer falls.
 Staying, I tamely Perish ; if I go,
 I face my Ruine, and I charge my Foe.
 It will more like an act of Courage look ;
 To be by Ruine met, than over-took.
 But at my sight perhaps he in my brow
 May something read, which his High thoughts may bow.
 Kings that want Arms, do not want Majesty.
 Heav'n is still Heav'n, though't lays its Thunder by.

[*Exit King, with Attendants.*]

Q. M. Go easie Fool, and Dye ; and when you Bleed,
 Remember I was Author of the Deed.
 T'enlarge Fates black Records, search but My Soul ;
 There, ye Infernal Furies, read a scrowl
 Of Deeds, which you want Courage to Invent ;
 Of which Hells Legends want a President.

Scene the Second.

The Scene open'd, is presented a Prospect of a Clouded Sky, with a Rain-bow. After a Shower of Hail, Enter from within the Scenes Muly Hamet and Abdelcador.

Abdelc. Such Storms as These, this Climate never knew ;
 A Show'r of Hail's an Object strange and new :
 I fear it does Portend some Dire Event,
 That waits upon your Fatal Banishment.

Muly H. My Country, Princess, and my King forsook :
 Storms to my Miseries like Attendants look.
 These Tempests, *Sir*, are to my Sufferings due :
 When my King frowns, 'tis just that Heav'n frown too.

But

But why does my dear Confident intend
In my Misfortunes thus to run my Race?
Must I in my sad Ruine plunge my Friend?
As Drowning Men sink those whom they Embrace.

Abd. Do not my Friendships right forbid. With You
I've been a Conqu'rou, why not Exile too?
Shall my Esteem grow faint, or my Zeal less,
Because I view you in a meaner dress?
Your outward Pomp laid by, and Honours raz'd,
The Saint's not less, although the Shrine's defac'd.

Enter Mariamne, with a small Attendance.

Muly H. Mariamne!

Mar. Yes. And she who led by Love,
Leaves Palaces, and does to Desarts Rove.
Wing'd by that zeal united Souls do bear,
Those Stars that Smile on Lovers, brought me here.
I for Your sake my wandring steps engage:
Devotion is the rise of Pilgrimage.

Muly H. Can Love in Hearts such deep impressions make,
That you can for your Wretched Vassals sake
Leave Courts, Pomp, Greatness, and all splendid things?

Mar. Sir, 'tis the same with Lovers, as with Kings.
Thus, if a King should with his Train resort
To a poor Cell, he makes that Cell a Court.
Oh, Sir, the most Illustrious Queen on Earth,
Would quit the Pageantry of Crowns and Birth:
And in exchange *Mariamnes* Exile choose,
Could she but Love as *Mariamne* does.

Muly H. Oh my kind Princess; King and Court farewell:
Where painted Honours, and feigned Glories dwell:
Lovers when happy made, have Souls that scorn
Those gilded Wreaths which swelling Brows Adorn.

Mar. *Mariamne* has this glory on her side,
That kindness you call Love, I call my Pride.
For of my Constancy-----

Any less tryal I disdain to make,
Then shew I scorn an Empire for your sake:
And whosoe're does my rash flight condemn,
The meanness of their Censures I condemn.

None of my Actions can fit Judges be,
 But they who've Soul enough to Love like Me.
 Lovers alone Loves causes can decide,
 As Nobles only by their Peers are Try'd.

*Enter to them Hamet alhaz disguis'd in the Habit of a Priest,
 with Villains in the same Dress.*

Ham. Sir, our great Prophet has pronounc't your Fate,
 Your Love is doom'd to be Unfortunate.

Muly H. No, Sir, 'tis False; thou dost belye his Name:
 Our Prophet is a Lover as I am.

Ham. Your Mistress too must your misfortune find.

Muly H. To her our Prophet cannot be unkind.
 She is a Princess.

Ham. No Titles his Eternal will confute.

Muly H. She is a Woman, and he scorns to do't:
 Did not thy Garb protect thee ----- *Mahomet*
 To wrong her Sex his greatness would forget.

Ham. No Sex is from ill destiny debar'd.

Muly H. She is a Beauty, and that Name's her guard.
 Good Fates, as due, should be to Beauty given:
 Beauty which decks our Earth, and props his Heav'n.
 When Heav'n to Beauty is propitious,
 It pays those Favours it but lends to Us.

Ham. Oh, do not, Sir, their Oracles decry,
 With patience hear the Language of the Sky.
 Heav'n when on Earth, some change it does fore-shew;
 Does Write Above, what we must Read Below.

This Morning, as our Eyes we upward cast,
 The Desert Regions of the Air lay Wast.
 But strait, as if it had some Penance bore,
 A Mourning Garb of thick black Clouds it wore.
 But on the sudden -----

Some Airy Demon chang'd its form, and now
 That which look't black Above, look'd white Below.
 The Clouds dishevel'd from their crusted Locks,
 Something like Gems coyn'd out of Chrystal Rocks.
 The Ground was with this strange bright Issue spread,
 As if Heav'n in affront to Nature had
 Design'd some new-found Tillage of its own;
 And on the Earth these unknown Seeds had Sown.

Of these I reacht a Grain, which to my sence
Appear'd as cool as Virgin-Innocence:

And like that too (which chiefly I admir'd)

Its ravish'd Whiteness with a Touch expir'd:

At the approach of Heat, this candid Rain

Diffolv'd to its first Element again.

Muly H. Though Show'rs of Hail Morocco never see,
Dull Priest, what does all this Portend to me?

Ham. It does Portend----- Muly. What?

Ham. That the Fates---- designe-----

Muly. To tire me with Impertinence like thine.

Here a Company of Villains in Ambush, from behind the Scenes, discharge their Guns at Muly Hamet, at which Muly Hamet starting and turning, Hametalhaz from under his Priests Habit draws a Sword, and passes at Muly Hamet, which pass is intercepted by Abdelcador. They engage in a very fierce Fight with the Villains, who also draw and assist Hametalhaz, and go off several ways Fighting; after the discharge of other Guns heard from within; and the Clashing of Swords, Enter again Muly Hamet, driving in some of the former Villains, which he Kills.

Muly H. Dye Slaves; and may this Desert raise a brood
Of unknown Monsters from your Venom'd Blood.

My Princess gone, Fortune and Justice are

Sure not so Blind but they of her took Care.

Enter Abdelcador.

Abd. Your Princess, Sir, is from your Arms divorc'd;
In her own Chariot to Morocco forc'd.

Muly H. I'll fetch her back, though-----

Abd. Hold! With their fair prize, they've took so quick a flight,
That She is now beyond your reach and fight:

And the chief Leader of those Villains was

The Old Queens Confident, Hametalhaz.

And all the Story which the Slave did frame,

Was only to gain time to take his aim.

They chose that Garb, as what might best prevail,

To gain your Patience, and their Swords conceal:

But missing of your Blood, your brave Escape,

Chang'd his intended Murder to a Rape.

Muly H. Hell and Damnation, these curst Traytors seize.
But why against such Barb'rous Savages
Do I in vain these useles Curses name;
They are such Brutes that they want Souls to Damn;
No 'gainst my self I should my Curses bend,
Coward so ill my Princess to defend.

Abd. Oh, *Sir*, do not prophane your Conqu'ring Sword,
Their Numbers were too great to be o're-pow'r'd.

Muly H. How, Numbers! *Abdelcader*, you mistake;
No, *Sir*, where Love and Beauty is at stake,
True Lovers of their Swords should make such Use,
As angry Heav'n of threatening Earth-quakes does;
To shake whole Kingdoms, make proud Cities fall,
Not to o're-throw one single Criminal.
Had they been Thousands more, and each Man there,
More Fierce than Lust, more Valiant than Despair,
I should have Fought till I my Princess freed,
Though I had waded through the Blood I shed.

Abd. *Sir*, the last words she spake that reacht my Ear,
Were, that she did your Passions Rashness fear:
And therefore, from me, bid you understand,
'Tis your kind *Mariannes* last Command;
You ne're should see *Morocco* more, lest there
You should endanger what she priz'd too dear.

Muly H. And am I banish'd by my Princess too?
Fates ye have done all th' ill your Powers could do;
Great Minds the Pride of Prodigals have Learn'd,
At loss of Pow'r or Crowns are unconcern'd;
But when they're Misers, 'tis in Love alone,
Then their Hearts rend to see their Treasure gone.
Condemn'd never to see *Morocco* more!
Thus am I doom'd to quit all I adore:
As prophane Sinners are from Altars driven,
Banish'd the Temple to be banish'd Heaven.
Horror and Tortures now my Jaylors be,
Who Paints Damnation needs but Copy me;
For if Mankind the pains of Hell e're knew,
'Tis when they lose a Mistress as I do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene

Scene the Third, the Scene a Tent.

Enter Queen Mother and Young Queen.

Queen M. No more, dear *Madam*, *Crimalthaz* distrust,
The Emperour has found him kind and just.
His Entertainments, and his Oaths have prov'd,
He has not from the paths of Honour mov'd.
And to appear Extravagantly great,
He makes a splendid Mask his this nights Treat.

Y. Queen. I've been an Actor in such Comick Sport,
When in my Father *Taffaletta's* Court:
He took delight i'th' represented Spoils
Of *Cyrus*, *Cesar*, and *Aeneas* Toyls.

Queen M. Has Marriage and a Crown so chang'd your Will,
You could not act your Youthful Pastimes still?
Could you your Greatness for one Night perswade
To lay by Majesty for Masquerade?

Y. Queen. I never yet did any thing so ill
I ought to leave, or good that is not still:
I seem Inconstant if you think me Proud;
Inconstancy the guilt of th' untaught Crowd.

Madam, I dare do any thing to show
T' a Throne I change of Place, not Passions owe.

Q. Mother. I can't suspect a goodness so Divine.
Well, *Madam*, since you fancy the Designe,
For your Diversion, and your Kings, I'll ask
This Boon, that you'd in Person grace the Mask,
What Character and Part you shall present,
We will consult of farther in my Tent.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Hametalthaz. [Scene continues.]

King. Murder'd this Night, and sleeping did you say?

Hamet. Yes, if for your escape Heaven finds no way.

King. My Entertainments since my being here,
All shews of Loyalty and Friendship bear.
But does he in that Garb his guilt Disguise
To take my Life by such a base Surprise?

Hamet. Goodness may in Mens very Looks be Trackt;
But Traytors rarely look like what they Act:

Nor is this Treason *Crimalhaz* first Crime :

Your Fathers Blood was Sacrific'd by Him.

King. By *Crimalhaz* my Royal Father Kill'd?

Hamet. That Poyson which your Father drank, He fill'd.

King. Poyson'd ! How was this Murder hid till now ?

And by what Arts was it disclos'd by You ?

Enter Queen Mother.

Q. M. That were too long to tell : th' unhappy Son.
This Night too must the Fathers Fortune run.

King. Is there no Policy nor Art, that may
Prevent his Treason ?

Q. M. Yes, I've found the Way.
Accept my Counsel, to preserve my Son,
I'll save your Life, your Empress, and your Throne.

King. But how ?

Q. M. To you this Night he does a Mask present,
A smiling Prologue to his black intent.
And the Intrigue of this Dramatique sport,
Is *Orpheus* his descent to *Pluto's* Court.

To fetch *Euridice* from th' infernal Shade,
On this Foundation I've this Structure laid.

I have in your Name given out -----

To shun the trouble of the formal State,

Which does upon your Royal Person wait ;

That this Nights Pleasure may be freer made,

Your Self and Train will be in Masquerade.

Your Death being not design'd before you sleep,

Till then you thus will undiscover'd keep.

And that your flight may be more safe and free,

Your self and your fair Queen shall Masquers be :

You shall act *Orpheus*, she *Euridice*.

When by the Masks design, by Hells Command,

Euridice is given to *Orpheus* Hand ;

You the last Entry shall his Shape assume,

And in dumb show enter in *Orpheus* room.

Her then you shall lead out, and in that Shape

Pass through the Guards, and to the Town Escape.

Ham. The Watches Orders are not strict, you may
Without disturbance at all hours find way.

Q. M.

Q. M. And that he may not miss you till you're gone
Beyond his Reach, I, when the Mask is done,
Will keep the Revels up, till you're secur'd
From his sharp Malice, and his sharper Sword.

King. Bravely contriv'd.

Q. M. The Maskers, who already are design'd
To act those Parts, are Mine: and them I'll bind
To silence: That this safely may be wrought,
She shall to Mine, You to His Tent be brought.
They must be kept asunder for our work.

[*Aside.*]

Hamet. How many Devils in one Woman lurk!

[*Aside.*]

King. Madam, in vain your Pity bids me Fly,
I am in Duty bound to stay and Dye;
Knowing how ill your Kindness he'll requite,
If he should find you Author of my Flight.

Q. M. Leave that to Providence: but grant he shou'd ----
He would not sure attempt a Womans Blood.
At least when he considers how 'twas done,
A Mothers Piety to save a Son.

Hamet. I'll lead you where you may all eyes escape,
And privately put on this borrow'd shape.

Q. M. But in disguise see not one word you say,
Least speaking you the Emp'rours Voice betray.

Enter Young Queen.

Your Empress here? I must instruct her too?

King. I by our Loves conjure you to pursue,
What her kind Counsel order to be done; [*to the Y. Queen.*]
To save your Self, a Husband, and a Crown. [*Exit K. & Hamet.*]

T. Q. What Task is that so strictly he enjoyns?

Q. M. This Night the Traytor *Crimalhaz* designs
To Ravish You; and when that Fact is done,
To Kill your Husband, and possess his Throne.

T. Q. Oh my Amazement!

Q. M. Being inform'd what Part
You act, by his accursed Lust enraged;
He with the Masker subt'ly has engaged,
His shape in the last Entry to assume,
And seize you in the suppos'd *Orpheus* room.
Then will he rudely snatch you from the place,
And basely force You to his foul Embrace.

And

And at that instant, Your dear Lord shall Bleed,
By Murderers appointed for the Deed.
Whilst with the noise of Drums, and Trumpets sound,
Your Out-cries, and his Dying Groans are drown'd.

T. Q. Inhumane Monster ! such a bloody Fact
No Mortal sure can Think, much less dares Act.

Q. M. 'Tis but too true: But since -----
No other force this Treason can withstand ;
It is your Husband, and your Kings Command,
When the bold Ravisher seizes You, to take
This brave resolve for your fair Vertues sake ;
Where both your Honour, and his Life's at stake. }
In your Defence to act your own Champions part,
With your drawn Dagger stab him to the Heart.

T. Q. Could Fate -----
This Office on no hand but mine confer ?
A Queen, a Traytors Executioner.

Q. M. You have no leisure to dispute the deed :
You must resolve with Courage and with speed.

T. Q. I'll do't. And though it misbecomes my Hand ;
Yet at my Vertues, and my Kings command :
Through all my Veins I feel a Manly Heart ;
And this Heroick act looks Brave and Great.
Methinks I hear loud Fame already sing,
She nobly sav'd her Honour, and her King.

Q. M. Fame in this Deed our Sex will higher prize,
Proving our Arms Victorious as our Eyes.

T. Q. Yes Ravisher, meet your intended Prey ;
Meet her, but meet your Death too in the way.
To strike my Dagger home -----

Love and Obedience shall that strength supply,
Which Nature does t' a female Arm deny.

[Exit.

Q. M. Let those, whom Pious Conscience awes, forbear,
And stop at Crimes because they Vengeance fear.
My deeds above their reach and pow'r aspire :
My Bosom holds more Rage, than all Hell Fire.

[Exit.

The MASK.

The Scene open'd ; is presented a Hell, in which
Pluto, Proserpine, and other Women-Spirits appear-
ed seated, Attended by Furies ; the Stage being
fill'd on each side with *Criminalbaz*, *Hametalbaz*,
Q. Mother, and all the Court in Masquerade ;
After soft Musick Enter *Orpheus*.

Orpheus Sings.

*The Groans of Ghosts, and Sighs of Souls,
Infernal Echoes, and the Howls*

Of Tortured Spirits cease :

A gentle Gust

Has all things Hush'd ;

And Hell in spite of Vengeance is at peace :

Whilst Ravish'd by my warbling Strings,

The Vultures moult their Wings ;

The Furies from their Heads will shake

Each useless Snake ;

The Scorpions loose their Stings,

And Hell it self forget their Tyrant Kings.

Pluto Sings.

*Whence Mortal does thy Courage grow,
To dare to take a Walk so Low ?*

Orpheus Sings.

To Tell thee God, thou art a Ravisher.

No Tears nor Prayer

Thou unresisted Will Controuls,

Who Commit force on Vertue, Rapes on Souls.

Pluto Sings

Dares a Weak Animal of Mortal Race,

Affront a God i' his Face ;

And of a Crime Impeach a Deity ?

Thy Breath has Damn'd Thee, thou shalt Dye,

For your God and Honours sakes,

Unloose your twisted crests of Snakes :

Into his Breast those swift Tormentors sling,

And his tortur'd Entrails Sting.

The Empress of Morocco.

Proserpine Sings.

*Oh, Sir, his Fatal Doom recall,
Dispel your Furious Anger;
Let not such noble worth your Victim fall:
Be kind both to a Lover and a Stranger.*

Attendant Sings.

*Oh Pardon, Pardon what his height of Love discovers,
Rage is a Venial Sin in Lovers.*

Proserpine Sings,

*Then gentle Stranger tell;
What Fortune has befall,
That brings a Lover down to Hell?*

Orpheus Sings.

*I have a Mistress in your Sphere,
Forc'd from my Arms
By Deaths Alarms:
My Martyred Saint brings me a Pilgrim here;
My Fair Euridice, my Fair Euridice.*

Proserpine Sings.

Unhappy Wanderer, which is she? Oh which is she?

Orpheus Sings.

*If a gentle Ghost you hear,
Complaining to the Winds, and sighing to the Air;
Breathing an unregarded Prayer:
If She in faint and murmuring Whispers Cry,
Orpheus, Orpheus, Oh I Dye,
Snatch'd from Heaven and thee,
Oh that is She.*

Oh take me down to Her, or send Her back to me.

Pluto Sings.

*Shall Lovers Idle Prayers disturb my Ear?
Mortal we've serious business here.
Your tiresome Story pleads in vain;
Be gone.*

Proserpine Sings.

*But with Thee Thy fair Treasure take,
Released by Love from that Eternal Chain,
Which destin'd Kings and Conquerours cannot break.*

Pluto Sings.

*No, fond Man, no, who comes within my Power,
From Death and Hell returns no more.*

Proserpine.

The Empress of Morocco.

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Proserpine Sings.

*If Hells strict Laws have never alier'd bin,
Let us be kind and now begin.
Revoke her angry Doom,
That when on Earth they come;
To th' wondring World be in soft Aires may tell,
Mercy as well as Justice Rules in Hell.*

Pluto Sings.

*Your Love does with Success implore:
Conduct Her in, but in such State,
As fits the Court of Fate;
And to his Hand the fairest Guest restore,
That ever Landed on the Stygian Shore.*

Exit Proserpine,

And Re-enters with the Y. Queen Drest for Euridice.

Orpheus.

*For this signal Grace to the World I'll declare,
In Heaven Earth and Hell Loves Pow'r is the same.
No Law there nor here, no God so severe,
But Love can Repeal, and Beauty can Tame.*

Chorus.

*For this signal Grace to the World I'll declare,
In Heaven, &c.*

Here a Dance is perform'd, by several Infernal Spirits, who ascend from under the Stage; the Dance ended, the King Offers to snatch the Young Queen from the Company, who instantly draws her Dagger and Stabs him.

Y. Queen. Take that Ravisher.

[Stabs Him.]

Q. Mother. Hold.

King. By my Morena's hand! *[undisguising himself.]*

Y. Q. Muly Labas! *[Faints away, and falls into the hands of some Women, who run in to her Assistance.]*

[Here all the Masquers undisguise, and run in to the Kings Assistance.]

Q. Mother. My Son Kill'd by Her hand!

*Crim. Call my Physitians; bid my Guards appear;
The Emperour Stab'd, the Queen his Murderer!*

G 2

King

King. Have I for this a too fair Saint admir'd?
 And with a more than common Love inspir'd;
 Rais'd my bold Thoughts so high t'engross your Charms;
 And bounded my Ambition in your Arms.
 And must I dye as depos'd Angels fell;
 'Cause they aspir'd, and lov'd their Heav'n too well?
 My Death *Morena* a less pain will be,
 Than 'tis to think I owe my Death to Thee.
 Have I less kindness from your Hands than Eyes,
 For they have given me gentler Wounds than these?
 Your Hand, 'tis true, has your Adorer Kill'd;
 'T has reacht his Heart, but not the Love it held.
 Your Image cannot from my Soul retire;
 My Love's Immortal, though my Life expire?

[*Dyes.*

[*Here the Young Queen being revived before the last words
 of the King, turns and Kneels to him.*]

T. Q. Oh my dear Lord! Stay gentle Soul! Oh stay!
 Rude Death stand off: His Life's too great a Prey!
 But Oh he's gone,-----

His Ravish't Soul is mounting to the Skies:
 But I'll send mine t'o'rerake it as it flies.

[*Offers to Stab her self, but is detain'd by Crimalhaz;
 and the Dagger snatcht from her.*]

T. Q. Why does your Cruelty my hand debar,
 From being a Traytors Executioner?
 Good, Gentle, Kind, give me the Dagger back;
 For Mine---for His---for Heav'n---and Justice sake.
 Cannot my Tears and Prayers your Heart o'recome?
 If my Requests appear too burdensome,
 Grant but this one---that pointed Steel restore,
 And I'll not Live to ask you any more.

Q. M. Oh cruel Queen, What has your Fury done?
 That made You lose a Husband, me a Son;
 This Realm a King, the World a Virtue, grown
 Too fit for Heav'n, but not to go so soon.

T. Q. Mother, it does a much less wonder seem,
 That I've Kill'd him, than that you blame the Crime.
 Was it not You that arm'd me to this Guilt,
 Told me I should a Ravishers Blood have spilt?
 No, 'twas by your design my Husband fell;
 You in this Masque have over-acted Hell.

Q. M.

Q. M. Alas ! she Raves. See how her Rage begins;
But Madness always ushers in great Sins.
This is no News to that which she has done ;
She was Distracted e're the Masque begun.
Alone I saw her in a posture set,
As if she thought of something High--- and Great---
Strait with a more than common Rage Inflam'd,
She mov'd--star'd--walk'd--storm'd--rag'd--curst--rav'd and damn'd.
With a distorted look she tore her Hair---
Unsheath'd her Dagger--- and gave Wounds to th' Air---
Her Face discolour'd grew to a deep Red,
As if her Looks presag'd that Blood she shed.
Then with an Infant Rage, more soft and mild,
She plaid with Madness, Leap'd, Sung, Danc'd, and Smil'd.
Why did not Heav'n this Mystery unfold ?---
Her Frantick Rage, his Death too plain foretold.
Had I foreknown you did this Blow design,
To strike His Heart, you should have pierc'd through Mine.

T. Q. Think you there is a God, or have a Soul,
That on my score dare such false Crimes enroul ?
Is't not enough that my dear Lord I Slew,
But must be Actor and Designer too ?
No, Barb'rous Step-Mother, 'twas you alone
Guided that Hand, that Kill'd your King and Son!

Q. M. Observe how Idly her wild Fancies walk,
But she who acts so ill, as ill may Talk.
Who'd thing a Thing so Young, so Soft and Fair,
Could be so kind a Husbands Murderer ?
But see when Heaven commands its Gifts away,
The Wits and Sences lost, the Soul may stray.

T. Q. Oh perjur'd Woman, how can you invent
This feign'd disguise to appear Innocent ?

Q. M. 'Tis pity Fate such Beauty should misplace,
So stain'd a Heart, and yet so Fair a Face.

T. Q. Impostor, speak (if Conscience have a Seat,
In Traitors Breasts) was it not You, whose Cheat
And Cunning did my fatal Hand engage,
At once t' a Murder and a Sacrilege ?
To Kill my King, and rob Mankind of more
Vertue than e're dwelt in one Breast before.

Q. M. Divert thy Frenzy Child some other way.
Oh, my dear Daughter, try if you can Pray.

T. Q. How she disowns that Blood which she has spilt!
Treason with her is but a modest guilt.

Q. M. Our presence will but raise her Passion higher,
T'allay her Frantick Rage, let us retire.
But of your Queen, see that strict care you keep,
Wait her to her Repose, try if she'll Sleep.
Sleeping, some Angel may be kind,
And in a Dream t' her thoughts her guilt present,
That when this fit is o're she may Repent. [*Here the Attendants*
carry off the King, over whom the Young Queen Weeps.]

T. Q. Heav'n's! since from you the Power of Monarchs springs,
Sure you were bound t' have had more care of Kings.

Exeunt all but Q. Mother, Crimalhaz and Hametalhaz.

Q. M. Now in her Death we must some way invent,
That of his Blood we may seem Innocent.
First, let her Face with some deep Poys'nous Paint,
Discolour'd to a horrid black be stain'd.
Then say 'twas as a mark of Vengeance given,
That she was blasted by the hand of Heaven.
And as a publick Spectacle expos'd,
Let her be in a Burning Pile inclos'd;
And whil'st the Clouded Air reeks with the Smoke,
Hire a Magician by his Art t' invoke
A Train of Devils, who in dreadful forms,
Waited by Earthquakes, Thunder, Wiuds and Storms;
Shall rove i'th' Air, and with loud Echoes houl,
As if they watcht to seize her flying Soul.
Thus will Men think, 'twas only she that fram'd
This Treason, and that for the Deed she's Damn'd.

Crim. Bring back the Queen---e're I see Justice done;
I with *Morena* will converse alone.

Enter Guards leading in the Young Queen.

Great Empress stay, and hear my Story too, { *Discourses in whif-*
How much I for an injur'd Queen dare do. } *per with the Queen.*

Ham. The Emp'rours acting of the Masquers part,
His Murder, and the management, your Art;
And her feigned Madnes to our wish succeed.

Q. M. And more than this to have secur'd the Deed,

Had

Had not Her hand struck home to back Her Crime,
The Surgeons I had brib'd to Poyson Him.
'Tis not the Blood of Sons, nor Monarchs, shakes
Those resolutions which my Courage takes:
O're Fear and Vertue too, I have this odds,
My Will's my King, my Pleasures are my Gods.

Exeunt Q. M. and Ham. Manent Crim. and Y. Queen.

Crim. Since I'm a Monarchs Heir, may I not own
An equal Title in his Love as Throne?
If you'll accept so mean an Offering,
You shall not want a Lover nor a King.
My kindness shall supply -----

Y. Q. Hold, Do you mean;
This offer'd Service to an Injur'd Queen?
How, Sir, is my Dead King so far remov'd,
That I am past remembrance that I Lov'd?
Admit new Courtships, and with the same Eye,
Behold a Murder'd Sovereigns Ghost stand by?
I thought your proffer'd kindness had been this,
To've Sentenced me to mix my Blood with his.
To've told me I should Dye, and Dying have
The Happiness of Sleeping in his Grave.

Crim. Death is Guilt's due. Yours is a gentler Doom;
You may enjoy my Throne, but not his Tomb.
I know your Innocence and Vertue. You
This fatal Deed from some false Copy drew.
And I begin to think your Mothers Heart
Has Poyson in't, what-e're her Looks imparr.
But to Revenge a Murder'd King, I'll found
This Treason, till the utmost Depth be found:
And to such Pains the Authors I'll condemn,
That to the World I'll your lost Fame redeem.

Y. Q. A Kings Revenge so brave an act will be,
That you'll at once oblige both Heaven and Me.
And his blest Spirit in the Skies must owe
A Debt, which he has left unpaid below.

Crim. That trifling score one Smile from you will quit,
And sure you are so kind to pay his debt.

Y. Q. My Thanks are granted e're your Suit is heard.

Crim. I must have more than Thanks for a reward.

Y. Q.

T. Q. The Glory of the deed requites the pains.

Crim. But Glory only in your Favour Reigns.

T. Q. That Breath I cannot, must not understand.

Crim. Love needs but little Art to be explain'd.

T. Q. Love! stop that Barb'rous Breath. In a new Love
I stab his Image, and prophane his Dust.

Crim. But not to Love your Champion is unjust.

T. Q. Your Service I accept, your Love take back,

Crim. None hate the Giver who the Present take.

Why can't your Heart-----

T. Q. Why can't your Arm Revenge

A King, without my Heart paid in Exchange?

Know, though you basely trade with Loyalty,

My Love my Kings Revenge does over-buy.

Go, Mercenary Man, I will resigne

His Vengeance to the hand of Heaven, not Thine.

Crim. Let such harsh words be by tame Lovers born,

My Passion is too rough to bear your scorn.

T. Q. And must my Heart at such a price be Sold?

Thy Seat Usurpt before thy Blood is cold!

This was thy Right, and though thy Death I gave,

Who lov'd the Martyr, will the Reliques save.

My Heart by none but thee was ever won,

I'll guard the Trophy though the Conqu'rou's gon.

But stay--- This Grant is to Revenge thy Blood,

And on that score no Offering's too good.

I should scorn Love, Life, Honour, Empires, ---all

To strike their Heads whose Treason wrought thy fall.

Can you on no less terms my King revenge?

Crim. No second Thoughts my Resolution change,

Since all I act is only for your sake,

Love must accept those offers Love does make.

T. Q. Well, *Sir*, my Heart is won. Your Siege remove,

I condescend to any thing--- but Love. [*Retreating from him.*]

Resign that Heart thar's His----

Heav'n's! shall I Live to act so great a Sin,

To right a Monarch, must I damn a Queen?

Be gone! I hate thee now worse than before:

Descend to thee! No, I that Thought abhor;

And though his Blood does loud for Vengeance call,

I know he'd scorn his Queen so low should fall.

Though

Though I have lost a King, I'm not so poor;
The Temple raz'd, the Ruines I'll adore.

Crim. My Love's too fierce long Sieges to attend:
You've lost a Servant, and your King a Friend. [*offers to go.*]

T. Q. Stay--- No, be gone, I scorn thee--- Yet Sir stay,
Hopes of Revenge so much my Passion sway,
That what would I not do for Justice sake, [*hand.*]
Where the assault's so strong? here Conqu'roure take--- [*Gives her*

Crim. Oh my best hopes--- [*Kisses her hand.*]

T. Q. My--- Friendship--- give my Love!---
My Love, my Sovereigns Right, I rate above
The Ransome of a World; and if thy hand
Does not perform what his loud wrongs demand;
Thou art his Murderer.

Crim. But when you see that Murderer wear his Crown;
You shall too late repent your haughty Frown. [*Offers to go.*]

T. Q. Hold, e're the pleasures of Revenge I'll want,
Invader, here what e're you ask I'll grant.

Crim. Oh Charming Excellence!

T. Q. But Sir,
Loving too soon, I shall convince the Faith
Of Men, that I design'd my Husbands Death.

Crim. 'Tis true, some Marks of sorrow should be worn
To please the World; I'll give you time to Mourn.

T. Q. When you've appeas'd his Ghost, and th' Angry Pow'rs
Above; and to his sacred Memory
My last Debt's paid, all that I am is yours.

Crim. My Vow's the same. First to Revenge I'll fly;
With Traytors Blood I'll entertain your Eye.
E're you're my Queen, and wear a second Crown,
I'll build a Scaffold first, and then a Throne. [*Exit*]

T. Q. I've found the way. Oh my dear Lord, though now
Death does Embrace what to my Arms is due,
I'll keep-----

My Vow to Him, and Love to Thee Entire.
No second King shall to this Throne aspire. [*Points to her Breast.*]
To Thee my last Debts payment shall be this,
I'll dye---and dead, all that I am is His.
In thy Revenge, when I've Triumphant stood,
On Traytors Necks amid'st a Scene of Blood;

Morena's hand shall wash the stain She wears,
 As Condemn'd Men turn Executioners.
 To expiate thy Blood, I'll let out mine,
 And Triumph in my fall, who Mourn for thine.
 Then with a gentle gale of Dying Sighs,
 I'll Breathe my flying Soul into the Skies.
 Wing'd by my Love, I will my passage steer,
 Nor can I miss my way, when you shine there. [Exit.

The Fifth Act.

Enter Crimalhaz Attended as King.

Crim. **T**Hough on the Blood of Kings my Throne I've built;
 The World my Glory fees, but not my Guilt.
 Mysterious Majesty best fits a Throne;
 They Vertuous seem whose Vices are unknown.
 Men have Ador'd, and have made Offerings
 To unknown Gods, why not to unknown Kings. [Enter Ham.

Ham. Your Guards are set, your Forces on the Walls;
 And in the Streets are rank'd in Fighting forms,
 Expecting when the Martial-Summon calls,
 And *Tassafetta* this proud City Storms.
 For our last Scouts which newly are come in,
 Tell us th' Assault will in few hours begin.

Crim. I thank him for this War he has begun,
 The number of my Foes enhance my Crown.
 It does a worth on Kings as Beauties set,
 To have our Rivals numerous and Great. ---
 But is th' Imprison'd Princess, whom your Sword
 Ravish'd from *Muly Hamet's* hand, secur'd
 From the World's knowledge ----

Ham. Royal Sir, I have ----
 The Pride to be her Jaylor --- and her Slave. [Aside.

Crim. *Muly Hamet* and *Mariamne* are the last
 Of the Imperial Race, that have not past
 To th' other World, to make me room in this.
 But though your hand did of his Murder miss:
 Howe're His Exile has restrain'd His Pow'r,
 And Her I have conceal'd within the Tow'r:

But should she be discover'd, and I found
Her Jaylor, her restraint would horrid sound:
I am not safe then till I see Her Dead,
You therefore shall present me with Her Head.

Ham. Mariammes Head presented by my Hand!
I'de first strike his that gives me that Command,
For since that Beauteous Prisoner was my charge,
Her charming Image did my Soul enlarge.
At the approach of so Divine a Guest,
I've shook my late Familiars from my Breast;
The thoughts of Mischiefs, Villany and Blood;
By Her Fair Eyes inspir'd, I dare be good. *Exit.*

Enter Queen Mother.

Q. M. Though your Designs have met so great Success,
Do not forget I was your Patroness;
And she to whom you made this Solemn Vow, *[to Crim.]*
That I should share that Throne I rais'd you to.

Crim. The highest Seat in all (but Monarchs) Breasts
Should be by th' high st of Passions, Love, Possess;
But Kings in so sublime a Region Move,
They have Concerns that must take place of Love,
My Subjects call for Vengeance, and I must
To the Dead King before my Love be Just.
Then give me leave to prosecute his Death,
First wear the Cypress, then the Myrtle Wreath.

Q. M. Bring in the Queen—
If She delay our Love,
Let out Her Blood, and those weak Bars remove.

Enter Guards bringing in the Young Queen.

Muly Labas His Queen and Murderers;
To Expiate His Death, You are Summon'd here;
To prove how much the World by You has lost,
And what Atonement's due t'a Monarch's Ghost.

T. Q. Yes Madam, when great Princes Dye, I'de have
Their Majesty kept up beyond the Grave.
Such streams of Blood should for their Murders pay;
Their Ghosts should have a Train as great as they.

Q. M. See Sir, she begs her Death as a Reward:
Use Charity, do not Her Bliss Retard. *[to Criminal. aside.]*

Crim. In common Murders, Blood for Blood may pay;
But when a Martyr'd Monarch Dies, we may

His Murderers condemn : But that's not all,
A Vengeance hangs o're Nations where they Fall.

Q. M. No tedious Introductions to Her Death :
Good Sir make hast, more business and less Breath.

Crim. Who wears his Crown, can best defend his Cause :
I'll on his Murderer Execute such Laws,
The Rigour of my Justice shall declare,
How high I rate that Majesty I wear----

Q. M. No Prologues to Her Death, let it be done ;
I could have Kill'd ten Queens while you judge One.

Crim. Therefore to Prosecute her Death----

Q. M. Speak Home.

Crim. I on his Murderer must Pronounce a Doom----

Q. M. No Mercy, be Severe.

Crim. ---- As may Express,

I can't do more, nor can his Blood ask less.

Guards, I on You that Office do confer ;

Obeys my Orders ; seize this Murderer.

Thy Poyson'd Husband, and Thy Murder'd Son ;

This injur'd Empress, and Morocco's Throne ;

Which thy accursed Hand so oft has shook ;

Deserves -----

A blow more Fierce than Justice ever strook.

Q. M. Inhumane Villain, Monster, Devil ---

Crim. Silence her Fury, stop her Poyson'd Breath ;

And check her growing outrage by her Death.

But since to Me you've been so kind t' impart

Some Favours, and a Title in your Heart :--

In Gratitude and Honour, you shall have

This Mercy, to walk gently to your Grave.

Bid my Physicians a strong Draught prepare ;

And leave her Execution to their Care.

Q. M. Ungrateful Slave !

Crim. Go-- I'll not hear her Plead ;

No Arguments shall save a Traytors Head ;

All his Revenge demanded, I have done ;

Perform your Vow, accept my Love and Throne.

Q. M. Hold Sir-- I ask not Life ; such acts of Grace

Your Bounty may on little Sinners pass.

My Sins are but too Capital, --- My Son,

And Poyson'd Husband --- What have I not done ?

*{ Here the Guards
seize the Q. M.*

*{ Queen Mother
Struggling in
the Guards.*

[to the F. Queen]

So many Treasons, and such Bloody Rage,
 Would sink an Empire and defame an Age.
 No sound but Deaths harsh Name, my Soul could daunt;
 Now all my Sins my Frighted Conscience Haunt:
 Guilt only, thus to Guilty Minds appears,
 As Syrens do to Drowning Mariners:
 Seen only by their Eyes, whose Deaths are nigh,
 We rarely see our Crimes before we Dye.
 And now they're seen, I'm with such Horror strook,
 They seem so large, I dare not upwards look.
 Where's all my Confidence and Courage driven?
 Guilt ne're grows Bashful till it thinks of Heaven.
 Though I want Pow'r to ask for Mercy there,
 I will look down and beg my Pardon here. [*Kneels to the T. Q.*
 Fair Innocence, I for your Pardon sue,
 T'a Condemn'd Traytor, but a Mother too:
 Let her Repenting Sighs her Griefs impart;
 Who thus--- offers her Tears--- and thus---thy Heart.

Dye Rival---and Dye Traytor--- [*Stabs the T. Queen.*
[Runs to Stab Crimalhaz,
but being stop'd by the Guards,
[Stabs her self.

--Then Dye Thou.

Crim. Morena Kill'd!

Q. M. Yes Sir, and I'de have done the same for You.
 But since my Dagger has so feebly don,
 Missing thy Breast, I've sent it to my own.
 If some kind Devil had but took my part,
 I had pierc'd thy Bosom, as I've done her Heart.
 Curse on weak Nature, which my Rage unman'd,
 A Masculine Heart linkt with a Female Hand.
 My Stars had been more just, had they design'd
 Me less of Hell, or less of Woman-kind.

T. Q. T'express my Gratitude, thus low I bow, [*to the Q. M.*
 Murder was ne're an Act of Grace till now.
 Your Court'ous Arm retriev'd mine from a Guilt,
Morena's Hand, Morena's Blood had spilt;
 Had not that stroke more kindly been decreed,
 You ne're did act a Mother, till this Deed:
 Here---I perform my Vow---
 When I've resign'd,
 My Soul to Him--- take--- all I leave behind, Thy

*[To Crimalhaz giving
 him her Hand.*

Thy Death, dear Saint, Reveng'd, and mine so near,
 Such charming objects to my Thoughts appear :
 In hopes I shall meet Thee, my Joy's so high,
 Methinks I visit Heav'n, before I dye.
 My Mourning Soul durst ne're one thought encline,
 To sense of Joy, till it drew nigh to Thine.
 Heaven's Bliss is a prize Love only Wins,
 Where my Life ends, my happiness begins. [Dyes.]

Q. M. Is this your Thanks for all her Love has done ?
 Who stak'd her Soul to raise thee to a Throne.
 Durst you Perfidious Villain, with one Breath,
 Pronounce Her Coronation, and my Death ?
 But I've remov'd that Rival : Thanks to Me ;
 Her wandring Soul is mounted to a Cloud ;
 But you may Court her still--- in Heav'n--- if she
 Can hear so far, and you can talk so loud.

Crim. Though against Me your Rage had just pretence ;
 Yet how durst you assault such Innocence ?

Q. M. Let single Murthers, common Hands suffice ;
 I scorn to Kill less than whole Families.
 In all my Race, I nothing find that's ill,
 But that I've Barren been ; and wanted still }
 More Monarchs to Dethrone, more Sons to Kill. }
 My Actions are scarce worth the Memory,
 And I am yet too Innocent to Dye.
 Had but my Hand perform'd thy Murder too,
 I should meet Death with Smiles upon my Brow.
 But Oh my Spirit's Faint--- yet I have Breath,
 Enough to make a Prayer before my Death.
 If there be such a place as yields abodes
 To Souls that scorn the Company of Gods :
 May I in Hell, Hell's greatest Torments bear,
 Provided 'tis thy Doom to meet me there. [Dyes.]

Crim. Infection stick upon thy blasted Name,
 Thou Foil to Monsters, and thy Sexes Shame. [To *Q. M.*
 But here my Heart to Pity does incline ; [To *R. Queen.*
 Till now I Smil'd at Blood, but Sigh for Thine.
 Vertue farewell, I could bewail thy Fate---
 But 'tis a Cowards Crime to grieve too late.
 Fury's the Mourning Garb great Spirits wear,
 From this day, for thy sake, no Lives I'll spare.

I will send Thousands to attend thy shade,
 Lust made me King, Love has a Tyrant made.
 Remove those breathless Objects, those dumb shows
 Of Majesty; now I'll for deeds prepare:
 This Morning must begin and end a War.
 Kind *Taffaletta* does for my presence call,
 I am Invited to his Funeral.
 The little Champion with Impatience waits,
 To beg a Tomb before *Morocco's* Gates.
 And rather than his lingering Fate delay,
 I'll with my Army take a walk that way.
 His heat of Blood, and lust of Crowns shall cease;
 Last to a Calm, and cool'd into a Peace.

Enter Hamet alhaz in haste, a sound of Trumpets heard from within.

Ham. Your Army's Routed e're the War's begun,
 The City taken, and your Empire won.
 And this surprising Conquest is not gain'd,
 By *Taffalet's*, but *Muly Hamet's* Hand.

Crim. *Muly Hamet* from his Banishment return'd!

Ham. Yes, at the News of th' Emperours Death concern'd,
 That his great Master was by You betray'd:

He came to *Taffalet*, and frankly made
 A proffer of his Sword: which brave demand
 Was by the Generous King thus Entertain'd.

("Welcome brave Friend; *Muly Hamet* was ne're taught

To back, but Head those Armies where he Fought.

That Fame and Glory then which waits on Thee,

Shall ne're be lessen'd when You Fight for Me.

With me, brave Youth, thou shalt my Forces Lead,

And Fight my Equal in my Armies Head: ("

When to your startled Squadrons he appears

Taffalet's General, who late was *Theirs*.

Their former Love renew'd, such changes wrought,

That they forgot the Cause in which they Fought.

A sudden Clamour Echoed through the Throng,

Which *Muly Hamet*, *Muly Hamet* Rung.

By their own hands the Gates were strair pull'd down,

And he in Triumph Marcht into the Town.

They paid to him what to their King they owe;

And proudly now aloud Proclaim him so,

Crim.

Crim. Draw up my Forces, Raise my Guard, I'll try
Who's the successful Rebel, he or I.

I'll write my Vengeance in whole streams of Blood;

Fortune take your free Choice, be ill or good;

I dare your Worst;

Yet I deserve to be your Favorite:

Tyrants are kind to those they cannot Fright,

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Muly Hamet, and Attendants with drawn Swords,
after a sound of Trumpets.*

Muly H. My Cause subdues more than my Sword, the Town
Does at my Feet their prostrate Arms lay down.

Conquest sounds best, and Glory brightest shines,

Where Loyalty, not Force, the Lawrel wins.

Lead to the Palace, through the Guards I'll break,

And to th' Usurper I'll in Thunder speak.

To the Infernal Shades I'll send a Ghost,

Stain'd with more Sins than all their Hell can boast.

His Blood, dear Prince, shall pay for shedding thine;

No Cause so just, no Rage so fierce as mine:

Where Loyalty and Love the Fuel bring,

A Ravisht Mistress and a Murder'd King.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Trumpets continue Sounding, and dashing
of Swords is heard from within,*

*Enter Crimalhaz, Hametalhaz, and Attendants,
with drawn Swords, as pursued.*

Crim. And *Muly Hamet* Fighting in their Head.

Ham. Fly quickly, Sir, see where your Guards lye Dead.

The Furious *Muly Hamet* leads 'em on,

Whose Fortune, and whose Sword has Wonders done.

Your Guards hew'd down, He by no Force withstood,

Comes now this way to Sacrifice your Blood:

He with such Fears your shaking Palace fills,

That with the Horrour that he brings, he Kills.

Crim. In this long Story, all I can descry,

Is, my Crown's going, and my Death draws nigh.

No, 'tis no common Thunder strikes nye Dead;

I've a Retreat yet left to save my Head.

[*Trumpets sounding.*]

I by this Hand my sinking Throne will stay,

And Reign to morrow, though I fly to day.

[*Exeunt.*]

The

The Empress of Morocco.

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The Scene changes.

Enter Muly Hamet and Abdelcador Attended.

Abdelc. Kind Taffalest ———

Concern'd to owe this Conquest to the Charms
Of your Victorious Presence, not his Arms:
Scorning to Wear that which his Arms ne're Won,
Frankly Surrenders you Morocco's Crown.

Muly H. Well, Generous Prince, this offer'd Crown ———
With Thanks and Envy shall Accepted be;
I'll be a Monarch to act deeds like Thee.

My Princess, the bright Charms those eyes convey, { Here Mariam!
appears from the
Balconey above.
Compleat th'imperfect Triumphs of this day:

It does a larger Happiness afford,
To have a Mistress, than a Crown restor'd.
Here at your Feet, kind Providence has thrown
Your Banisht Lover, and your Ravisht Crown.
Your influence, and my Arms so happy prov'd;
Th'Usurper's Scepter's to your Hand remov'd;
His Blood, when he his forfeit Head dares show,
Shall pay what to your Brothers Dust I owe.

Enter to her Crimalhaz into the Balconey.

Mar. My Jaylor here. ———

Crim. Though I am fain so low:
My Fortune lost, I may a Beggar grow.
This Mercy does on Generous Spirits wait,
You always pity the Unfortunate ———
And on that score I'll beg one modest boon;
I'll only ask you to restore my Crown.

Muly H. Thanks Heaven, the only Man whose Head I want.

Crim. Do not thank Heaven, for what it cannot grant.
My Head, fond Man, is for thy reach too high;
I from this Castle thy weak Arms desie.
Immur'd within the Walls of this strong Tower,
I am so safely Guarded from thy Power;
That I dare tell you, yes, and boldly too,
This Head you threaten shall be Crown'd by you.

Muly H. What means this Impudence ———

Crim. To end the Strife ——— (at Mar. Breast.
I ask a Crown, a Ransome for her Life. [Draws and points his Sword

Muly H. Here I my baffled hopes of Vengeance lose;
To fight my King, my Mistress I expose. I Crim.

Crim. I know your Passion has a eye so great,
 That for her sake you'll quit th' Imperial Seat.
 I know your Vertue is so strong, that if
 You Swear you will protect my Throne and Life,
 You'll keep your Vow: Swear then by all those Powers,
 Which the Religious World Fears and Adores,
 To quit your Claim to Empire; Swear you'll make
 Me Monarch in that Throne which you'll forsake;
 And with your Blood you'll guard that Crown you give:
 If so, your Mistress shall have leave to Live.
 Though you quit Empires, you shall meet these Charms,
 To sleep, and dream of Kingdoms in her Arms.
 If not, prepare to see her Amorous Breast
 Give entertainment to this Iron Guest.
 To this your Answer.

Muly H. Savage Infidel!
 Monster! there's not a Hand on this side Hell;
 That dares attempt that Deed; there's not one Dart
 In Heav'n, that would not strike the Murderers Heart;
 Before his Hand should touch her sacred Breast.

Crim. Since you are with such Heavenly Faith possast,
 To think sh' has Champions in the Skies; I'll try,
 Who's the best Executioner, Heaven or I.

Muly H. Hold, Barb'rous, Cruel, hold your Murd'ring hands;
 Think on the Vengeance which that Crime attends:
 Think what a fierce Revenge I for her sake,
 Will on my Princess bloody murder take.

Mar. Hold, *Muly Hamet*, let his Rage go on,
 Can You but think of Fear when I have none?

Crim. Tortures and Wracks will prove a vain design;
 That hand that sheds her Blood shall let out mine.
 Speak quickly then, e're words will come too late:
 My Crown restor'd, you'll yet redeem her Fate.

Muly H. My Lawrels, Crowns, and Empires are all yours.

Crim. Swear then.

Muly H. I swear by the Eternal Powers,
 For her Lives ransom I this off ring make:
 Morocco and your Crown I'll give you back;
 To my last blood I will your Life defend;
 In Wars your Champion, and in Peace your Friend;

Crim. A silent Grotto, and a shady Grove,
Are far more proper Scenes than Thrones for Love.
And though your Hand and hers no Scepter bears,
You Lovers may get Kings to be my Heirs.

Mar. I'll bind my Vow by the same Pow'rs you swore:
I'll to a thousand Deaths my Life expose,
Before I will one Inch of Empire lose.

'Tis not, bold Slave, my threaten'd death can make [To *Crim.*]
My Female fears my Right to a Throne forsake.
Heir to a Crown, though you so fierce have been,
Mariamne scorns to Dye less than a Queen.

Crim. So brisk young Champion! have at thy Heart.

Muly H. Stay, Sir. Oh cruel *Mariamne*! can you part
From Love and Life, to rob the World and Me?

Mar. No, *Muly Hamet*, a worse stain 'twill be
To have my Crown resign'd, than my Blood spill.
I of the two will choose the lesser Guilt.
Fame never shall in Histories express,
Born to be great, I yielded to be less.

Muly H. If you aspire to greatness, that I'll grant:
Your *Muly Hamet* Empires cannot want,
Whilst he possesses You, and wears a Sword.
And if our *Africk* does no room afford;
I'll Travel then to some remoter Spheare,
Till I find our new Worlds, and Crown you there.

Mariam. 'Tis Honour and not Crowns that I esteem.
And should I basely yield my Throne to him;
My Name and Story would but poorly sound,
Who rais'd a Murd'rer, and a Rebel Crown'd.
No, if at worst I by this Traytor Dye,
Adore my Name, and Love my Memory.
Yes, Mighty Man, perform this Valiant part, [to *Crim.*]
Bravely and boldly pierce a Female Heart:
Let story boast, you this great deed fulfil'd;
Your Manly hand an unarm'd Woman Kill'd.

Crim. Since you at scorn and daring are so good,
I'll feel your Pulse, and try your heat of Blood.
Guards, Fire the Castle.

And while that Burns I'll a new shape assume:
I'll Sport and Revel with more pleasing Charms,

Than *Nero* when he sung to burning *Rome*.
 I'll Sing my Funeral Obsequies in these Arms;
 I'll Ravish her —
 Then throw my self and her into the Fire,
 And Arm in Arm together we'll expire.
 Burn, Burn the Tower.

*Enter Hamet alhaz in the Balcony with Guards, who
 seizes Crimalhaz and disarms him.*

Ham. Before this Tower takes Fire you'll want a Head.

Crim. *Hamet alhaz* stand off; am I betray'd?

Ham. I have no time to answer your demands:

Deliver him to *Muly Hamets* Hands.

The highest Triumph my weak Arm e're gain'd,
 Is to present this Princess to his Hand. [*Crim. is forced down by*

Muly H. Her life preserv'd and he the instrument! [*(the Guards.*
 What Miracle of Honour has fate sent?
 Sure Heav'n acts Wonders! Wonders, no 'tis none —
 What have th' high'r Powers to do, but to take care
 Of so much Vertue, and a Face so Fair?

Enter Crimalhaz below, led in by the Guards.
 See him convey'd to Execution straight:
 He as he rose in Blood, in Blood shall set.

Crim. Since I must dye, and dye Condemn'd by you:
 Hear Heav'n, for I ne're troubl'd you till now.
 So may my Body rot when I am Dead,
 Till my rank Dust has such Contagions bred:
 My Grave may dart forth Plagues, as may strike Death
 Through the Infected Air where thou draw'st breath.
 Others may fancy pleasures more Divine,
 I know not where: this shall in Hell be Mine,
 To think when Dead, I yet can Death convey, (*Abdele.*
 And what my Arm can't act my Ashes may. [*Exit Guarded with*

Enter Hamet alhaz Leading Mariamne.

Muly H. My dear and best Life, welcome. By thy Hand,
 My Crown, my Happiness and Heav'n regain'd,
 What mystick Blessing does my Fate pursue,
 To see her Sav'd, and see her Sav'd by you?

Ham. Oh do not at this Mystery admire:
 Nothing is strange which Beauty does inspire.
 To punish Treason, and preserve a Throne,
 Are due to *Mariamnes* Eyes alone. When

When to his hand I gave that Beauteous prize,
 Design'd for his Ambitions Sacrifice:
 When her hard fate, and her bright Charms I saw,
 These did my Homage, that my pity draw.
 Something so kind I to that Face did pay,
 That to Serve her I could my trust betray.
 Had I been Born a Prince, and in that name
 (Like You) Erected Trophies to her Fame:
 In all things then I had your Rival prov'd,
 And confidently told her that I Lov'd.
 But wanting worth, I wanted words, and chose
 This way my Speechless Passion to disclose.
 I would defend what I could ne're enjoy,
 And break all bars that did her Peace destroy.
 But I too late resolv'd a flight so high;
 I cut my Wings before I thought to fly:
 Too quick to work, too weak to prop her Fall;
 My Penitence could not my Sins recall
 Till this blest moment, and your Influence gave
 Her dangers and his Insolence a Grave.

Muly H. Such Honour and such Love! I am Conquer'd here,
 My Deeds and Passions are below thy Spear.
 But as your Worth, your Pow'r shall out-reach mine:
 Subjects my Homage pay, but Monarchs thine. [*Embraces him.*]

Ham. Though Heav'n by me her threatned Life secures,
 And saves her Blood to be ally'd to yours.
 Despair, not Friendship, yields to that hard task;
 I bravely give what I durst never ask:
 Hold Heart, while I this Treasure do resign,
 And Crown her Bliss with that which ruins mine:
 I perish at her feet whom I adore,
 The greatest Wracks are nearest to the Shore.

Mariam. Such Language may by Chastest Ears be heard,
 Your Love I must admire, and he reward.
 A Nobler Passion Story never Writ,
 That turn'd a Traytor to a Proselyte.
 Thou best of Converts,

Muly H. And of Rivals too.
 Sir, as a Tribute to your Verrue due,
 All Honours Merit in a Court can meet,
 And a kind Monarchs Love lye at your Feet.

Ham.

Ham. Hold, that great act of Mercy must not pass;
 Let not your first days Reign a King disgrace.
 Of such high Bounty I'm unworthy still:
 My good Acts have not yet out-weighed my ill.
 No--- To some far Country,
 I from those Eyes for ever will remove,
 I cannot stand the sight of hopeless Love.
 Pilgrims, whose Zeal's more blest though less Divine,
 Go meet their Saints: but I must fly for mine. [*Offers up.*]

Muly H. Stay I conjure you; stay, you shall, you must:
 You've made me Great; let me not be unjust.
 Speak what Command, what Bow'r, what Crown you'll choose.

Ham. Crowns, no, such little Favours I refuse.
 None but the place You hold my wish can bound;
 But since I have your free offer to be Crown'd,
 It is accepted: I a King will be,
 And of my Reign make this my first Decree,
 This Criminals Banishment, and to pursue
 My state, a Conqueror and a King like you;
 To what e're place my wandering steps incline,
 I'll fancy Empires for I'll think her mine. [*Exit Ham.*]

*Here the Scene opens, and Crimalhaz appears cast down on
 the Gaunches, being hung on a Wall set with spikes of Iron.*

Enter again Abdelcader.

Abd. See the reward of Treason; Death's the thing
 Distinguishes th' Usurper from the King.

Kings are Immortal, and from Life remove,
 From their low'r Thrones to wear Crowns above:
 But Heav'n for him has scarce that bliss in store;
 When an Usurper Dyes, he Reigns no more.

Muly H. My Justice ended; now I'll meet a Crown:
 Crowns are the common Prizes I have won.
 Those are Entayl'd on Courage. No 'tis You
 Can only yield a Bliss that's great and new.
 The Charm of Crowns to Love but dull appears:
 Reigning's a whole Lifes toyl, the work of Years.
 In Love a day, an hour, a minur's Bliss,
 Is all Flight, Rapture, Flame, and Extracies,
 Loves livelyer Joys so quick and active move;
 An Age in Empire's but an Hour in Love,

Exeunt Omnes.

EPilogue.

EPILOGUE.

THis Play, like Country Girl, come up to Town,
Long'd to appear first, in Jewels, and rich Gown;
And so,
Hoping it's Pride, you Courtiers would support,
To please You, lost its Maiden-head at Court.
Pufft with the glitt'ring of your Gaudy Charms;
It fear'd to meet no danger in your Arms.
And though the harshest Censures be its due;
Yet kinder usage it deserves from You.
A Generous Gallant, though tired and cloy'd,
Should still speak well of what he has enjoy'd.
Should you Damn this, you would your selves reproach;
'Tis Barb'rous to Defame what you Debauch.
Nay, now you've cast it off, yet do not Frown:
Though like the Refuge of a Mills o'th' Town,
It is turn'd Common, Tours for half a Crown.
'Twas Generous at Court, and did for Love;
But does for Profit to the Stage remove.
Women and Wit on equal scores begin;
Love and Affection first may make 'em Sin;
They trade for Interest when they're once got in.
But for you Sirs, who Censure, but not Write;
Who do in Wit, as some in War, delight;
Whose Conrages do not much care to Fight:

But though you can't of Scars nor Conquests vapour,
You can draw Sieges, and take Towns in Paper,
Yet 'twill be hard to please.

Critiques, whose saving and condemning, still
Is not your Act of Judgment, but your Will.

Who equal choice in Plays, as Faces, make
What you resolve, not what deserves, shall take.

Thus your applause resembles your Amours,
Have we not seen (Oh loves Almighty Powers!)

A Wench with Tallow-Looks, and Winter-Face,
Continue one Mans Favorite seven Years space:

Some Ravishing knack, 'th' sport, and some brisk motion,
Keeps the Gilt Coach and the Gallants Devotion.

Be to this Toy thus kind, and you will raise

Much better Fancies to Write better Plays.

When meaner Faces are us'd kindly by ye,

What Power have greater Beauties to deny ye

So your kind Smiles advance the Scribling Trade,

To get good Plays, you must Excuse the bad.

P P N T S

